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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 19, 1957

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THE PLIGHT OF PENSIONERS

THE 450,000 old-age pensioners in Australia get a bare existence on the £4 a week the Government allows them.

There has been no increase in age pensions since October, 1955. The amount was inadequate then. It is even less adequate now.

Federal politicians, for instance, recently accepted an increase of 23/6 a day in the Canberra living allowance because of the rise in living costs.

A pension of £4 a week will not sustain healthy life in any human being in Australia today. Pensioners who must pay for rent, food, and clothes from this allowance are in want.

Only those who own their own homes, who live with relatives, or who are subsidised by them can hope for any enjoyment in life.

Even the home-owners can be dangerously near the breadline.

The question is of prime importance to women, who, because they live longer than men, make up the majority of pensioners eking out frugal existences in grim single rooms.

Realisation of this problem puts a two-way obligation on all citizens.

Their private obligation is to ask themselves whether they have, within their own family circle, old people who need help in money, or in kindness, which sometimes means more than money to the aged and lonely.

Their public obligation is to demand that the Government sees that no aged man or woman goes short of food or reasonable comfort.

How else can comparative prosperity be enjoyed with an easy conscience?

Our cover

• Margo McKendry, one of the two Sydney mannequins who will appear in our Irish Fashion Parades (see page 7). The other is Phoebe Macarthur Onslow (see pages 32 and 33). Margo, who lives at Double Bay, Sydney, learns ballet-dancing to keep fit, and in our cover study she is wearing ballet tights. Picture by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

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BOOK REVIEW by HELEN FRIZELL

Rebecca West writes a novel after 20 years

• Spilling over with the greatness of its prose is Rebecca West's book "The Fountain Overflows."

THIS novel, her first since 1936, has the qualities of water—clarity, reflectiveness, and a smooth but deep current of words.

Turning from her work as an historian and social commentator, Rebecca West sets her fictitious story in the early 1900s, and describes the life led by improvident Piers Aubrey, Clare, his wife, their son, and three daughters.

Piers Aubrey comes from an Irish land-owning family which has disowned him. When the story opens he is a newspaperman, a pamphleteer, who cares more for causes than for his wife and children, who idolise him.

The household is poor, and, from an outsider's viewpoint, eccentric. Three of the children have inherited their mother's musical mastery. The fourth, Cordelia, cannot be convinced that she has not.

Nor can the schoolmistress, Miss Beevor, be persuaded that Cordelia, her protégée, lacks talent. Miss Beevor, whose taste in music approximates her tastelessness in dress, drives Cordelia on to the concert platform in face of family opposition.

"The Fountain Overflows" has no plot but neither has real life. However, Rebecca West sees significance in the smallest incidents and facets of human behaviour.

The Aubrey marriage is breaking up; the children are practising music; Piers is championing justice in a murder case; relatives come to stay; supernatural happenings occur.

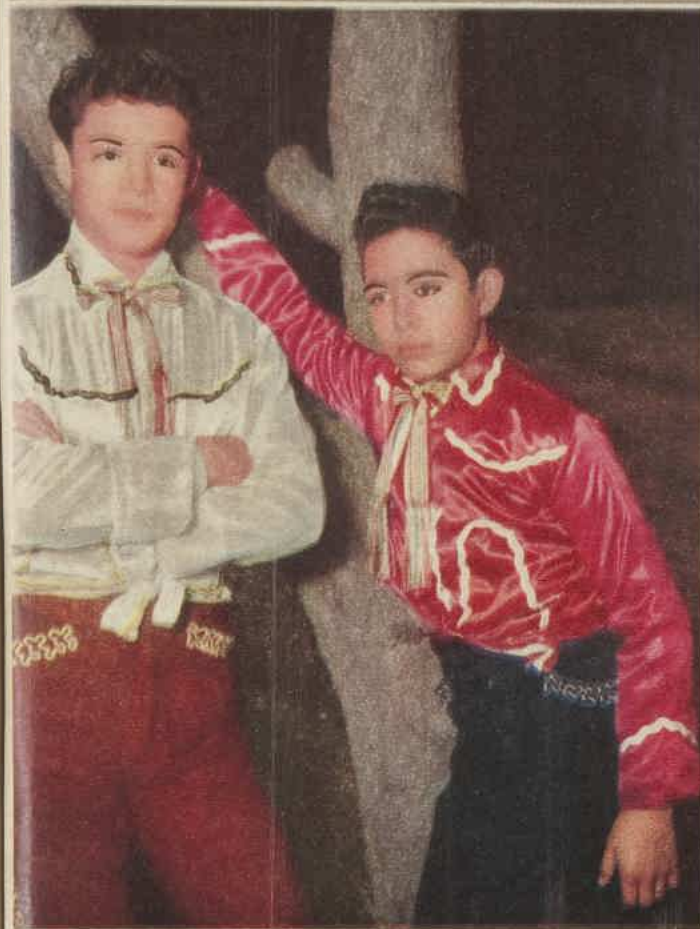
Just those things. So it is difficult to describe this novel which, dealing with life and true values, is never overwrought and never flags.

Publishers say that Miss West intends to follow it with successors covering the period up to the end of World War II.

Readers, as well as writers who will wonder at Miss West's mastery of her craft will await these impatiently.

Our copy from the publishers, Macmillan.

Mexican boys sing—never shout



BROTHERS, and the only brothers in the choir of 19, are 15-year-old Adolfo Limon Tejeda (left) and 13-year-old Raul. All the boys come from large families. Pictures on this page were taken by staff photographer Derek Brook.

FIVE JOSEPHS (above), in their clothes of many colors, are, from left, Jose Perez Lopez (15), Jose Palacios Roman (11), Jose Luis Fernandez Perez (11), Jose Manuel Revilla Alvarez (12), and Jose Cruz Beltran Dorantes (14).

● Nineteen little Mexican boys aged between eight and 15, who never get homesick because of the good "trainment" (training) they receive, are now in Australia as part of a two-year tour which has taken them through Spain, Portugal, Africa, America, France, Great Britain, southern Europe, and New Zealand.

AND they have all learnt to have the international stomach. They eat and like everything," explained their conductor and director, Senor Rogelio Zarzosa Alarcon.

Internationally known as the Singing Boys of Mexico, they work a 14-hour day—school in the mornings, practice in the afternoons, then appearances as an ensemble at the Tivoli Theatre at night.

These delightful small boys, with their dark skin, flashing eyes, and wonderful white teeth, all leapt to their feet when I entered their improvised schoolroom.

Some of them chorused "Buenas dias," but most of them experimented with "good morning" with varying degrees of success.

All the boys are keen photographers and proudly displayed their own cameras—many of them birthday presents from Senor Zarzosa, whom they address as "Maestro."

Assistant conductor and tutor—an 18-year-old himself—is Hugo Andrade Gomez, who explained how Mexicans celebrate a birthday.

"The one whose day it is awakened in the morning by everyone else assembling

at his bedside to sing 'Las Mananitas' ('The Little Morning'). It is the same as your 'Happy Birthday' song. Everyone gives congratulations, then the Maestro gives the present. And there is a cake, sometimes in the morning, sometimes later. It is great rejoicing."

Hugo was formerly a chorister and estimates that he has travelled and sung in 20 to 25 different countries.

Just like home

THE boys have fondest memories of Cuba, Spain, Portugal, and France. "They are like home," one of them told us, and, "The people are like us in character," explained Hugo.

Although the choir sings in Latin, French, Italian, German, and English, as well as Spanish, in speech their English repertoire is mostly confined to "Good morning," accompanied by a wide smile, "Thank you," accompanied by an even wider smile, and "Very pleased," with both a smile and a handshake.

Some can tell you a little more. In a mixture of English and Spanish, Juan Felipe Luna Garcia, a nine-year-old, was able to convey that he is one of 15 children, eight younger than he! Jose Cruz Beltran Dorantes, a 14-year-old, is one of 11 children; Guillermo (nicknamed

"Memo") Mateos Olivares, a soloist, is one of 10 children.

"All of them," explained Senor Zarzosa, waving his hand widely, "come from big families. They are all big families in Mexico."

"I myself have four daughters," he said proudly, "Maria Victoria, Alicia, Hortensia, and Guadalupe. They have been a surprise to me, these four girls."

"I planned to have boys for the choir," he added wistfully.

Senor Zarzosa was a child singer and actor when he was 12, and in 1942, when he was 21, he founded the Orfeon Infantil Mexicano (The Singing Boys of Mexico), an academy of boy choristers.

They are now selected by recommendation from all the schools in Mexico, and each boy must live and work with the academy for two weeks before he is accepted.

There is also a weekly radio programme which brings the choir all the recruits it needs.

The pupils of the academy are limited to 80, and are divided into four groups—one of apprentices; one which sings in Mexico City, the capital; the third, which tours the country; and the fourth, which tours the world.

Although the boys are far from home for long stretches at a time, there is no lessening

By
ANNE BRADLEY,
staff reporter

of school work. They do examinations sent to them by the Mexican Education Department every November.

"Our boys always do well," said the Maestro. "They get much more individual attention from Hugo and myself than most schoolchildren at home. And they have been carefully selected for character, wit, and good behaviour, as well as good singing voices."

"They are all very lively, and we have one rule that is probably hard for them to keep. There must be no shouting. It is bad for the voice."

"For this reason we don't have any organised games, because sport provokes shouts. All the boys love swimming, though, even when it is too cold for most other people."

Wash and iron

AN extremely self-reliant group, with more than their share of politeness and good manners, the children make their own beds, tidy their own rooms, do their own washing, mending, and ironing.

Their everyday clothes show a love of bright color. Shirts and jerseys are in reds, florals, yellows, and greens. Even Senor Zarzosa sported a shirt of burnt orange with white.

The boys take their singing seriously, but are modest about their ability. They have been told they are representatives of Mexican culture, and they behave accordingly.



VIVID MEXICAN COSTUMES in which the choir presents a group of national songs at the end of each programme are worn with an air by 13-year-old Eduardo Jesus Ramirez Gonzalez (left) and 12-year-old David Samperio Yanes.

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One woman's family... Proud big brothers help to lighten their mother's 17-hour working day

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

● The builder is back and there's another load of timber at a white-painted wooden cottage in Brushgrove, N.S.W. Two years ago he was there to enclose a verandah for twins. This time it is to build on another room for triplets.

THE cottage is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin ("Mundy") Moran, who, with boy triplets born recently in the Maclean Hospital, now have a family of nine.

Space is at a premium in their three-bedroom house. Five children in less than three years have filled every available inch of space.

"We were surprised when I had an X-ray in January and the doctor told me I would have triplets, but we were very thrilled, too," said Mrs. Moran.

The triplets have been named Alan, Barry, and Robert. The other children are Ray (16), Kevin (14), Colin (12), Geoffrey (8),

and two-year-old twins Tony and Jan, the only girl in the family.

At birth Alan weighed 5lb. 7oz., Barry 6lb. 2oz., and Robert 5lb. 9oz. None of them needed the special humidicribs provided at the hospital when they were born.

Mr. and Mrs. Moran have lived at Brushgrove, which is on Woodford Island in the

Clarence River, since their marriage 17 years ago.

Mr. Moran, who is "Mundy" to all the people in the Brushgrove-Maclean district, is a baker. From the bakery adjoining his house he supplies bread to almost everyone on the island and to some families in Maclean.

Mrs. Moran, dark-haired, calm, and smiling, doesn't seem to get ruffled by her never-ending work. She is full of praise for her older sons, who, she said, "all do their bit."

Young experts

"RAY is wonderful with the 'trips,'" she said. "He and Kevin and Colin and Geoffrey are experts at feeding them. I bath one baby and hand him to one of the boys to be fed while I get on with the next one. It's a great time-saver."

"None of the boys has any special task, but they clean their shoes, help with the vegetables, the sweeping, and the dusting, and even clean the bath. They help with the twins, too."

"The twins adore the triplets. They love to touch them and insist they are 'our babies'."

Miss Iris Sanders, one of Mrs. Moran's sisters, is also part of the household. Miss Sanders, who was recently in charge of the girls in the Yarrabah Mission, near Cairns, North Queensland, will

stay with the Morans until the triplets are a little older.

"I hope she stays till Christmas," said Mrs. Moran. "I don't know where we'd be without her."

"Mundy gave me a washing-machine when the twins were born and it has been a great help," she said. "I wash between two and three dozen nappies a day, but I don't count them exactly. I'd rather not know!"

"When the twins were little, I mixed one lot of food to last the day, but I have to make two lots now. If I were to make enough for a day for the three, I'd have nowhere to keep it—there's nothing big enough."

Although her 17-hour day begins "about 5.30 and finishes about 10.30," Mrs. Moran does all the family sewing and knitting.

"And," interrupted quiet Mr. Moran, "when she had a few weeks in hospital before the triplets arrived, she knitted furiously. We each got a new pullover."

Mr. and Mrs. Moran, a happy couple who look as if they've been married for seven rather than 17 years, come from large families. Mr. Moran is one of four boys. Mrs. Moran one of six girls and one boy.

"Just the opposite to me, lot," she said. "As the second twin born was a girl I thought the triplets would be girls, but I was wrong."

"We had a bit of trouble thinking up names for boys," she added. "We'd chosen ten names already—two for each of the five boys—and we had to be careful we didn't choose the names of the other Morans in the district. There are a lot of us, although we're not related."

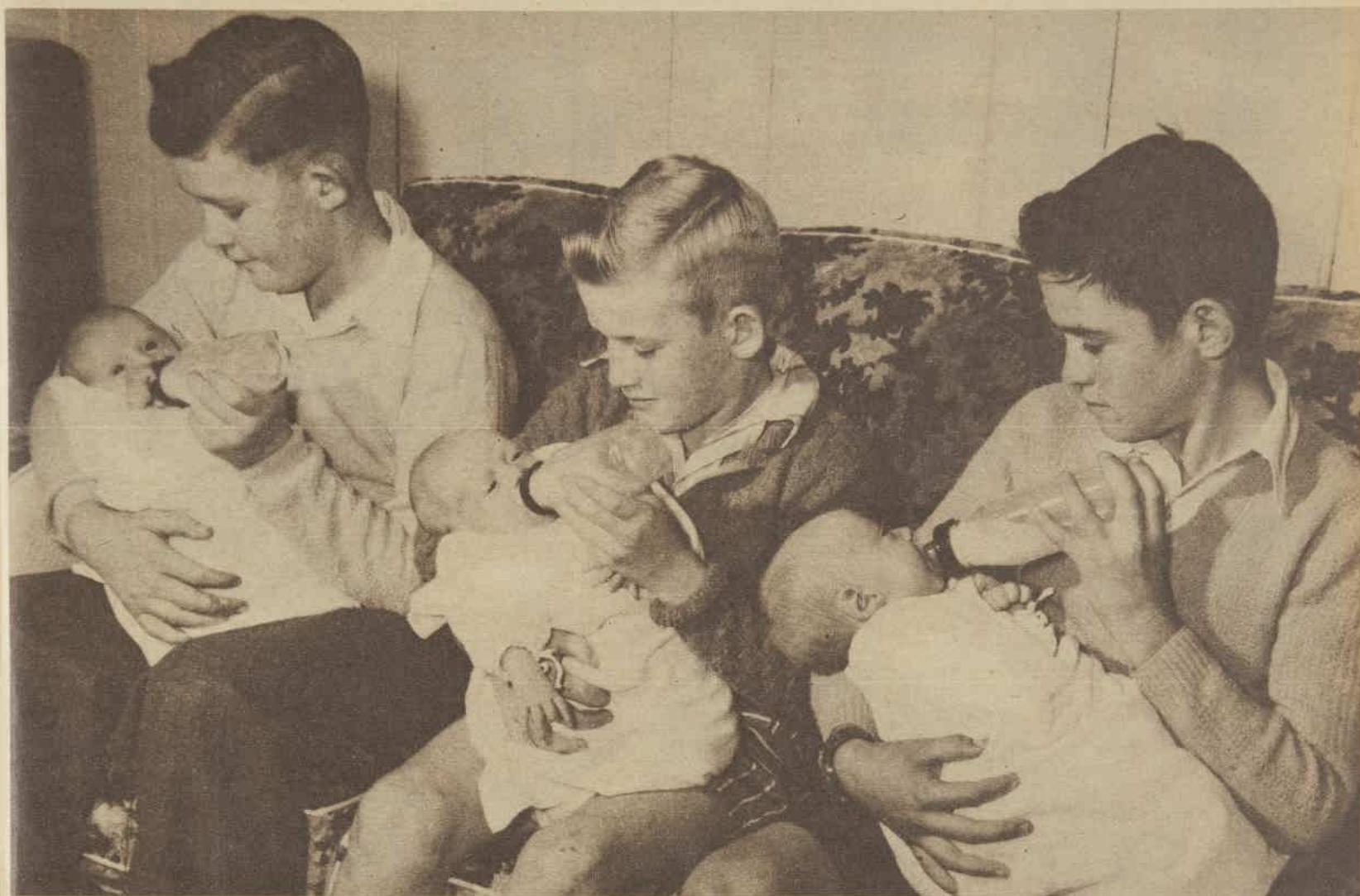


GOLDEN-HAIRED two-year-old twins Tony and Jan Moran on their three-wheelers at the home of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Moran, at Brushgrove, N.S.W. Jan is the only girl in the Morans' family of nine, including triplets.



SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Ray, who wants to be a baker like his father, helps to roll dough and cut pie cases at the bakery adjoining the Moran home. Mr. Moran is "Mundy" to all his customers and residents on Woodford Island.

TRIPLETS MAKE NINE



BIG BROTHERS Kevin (14), Geoffrey (8), and Colin (12) feed triplets Alan, Robert, and Barry after the babies have been bathed by their mother. Ray, aged 16, also helps.

"Accommodation was my first thought when we heard about the triplets," said Mr. Moran. "The house has only three bedrooms, with a closed-in verandah for the twins, and there certainly wasn't room for an extra three."

The Moran home is prettily and comfortably furnished, but there seem to be beds everywhere. The only uncluttered space is in the lounge-room. The triplets, until their verandah room is built, are sharing their parents' bedroom.

"My first thought," said

Mrs. Moran, "was clothes. I had to make three of everything."

"Luckily three extra children to feed don't make much difference," she said. "We get bread and pies from the bakery. We eat about two loaves of bread a day."

"We keep fowls, grow vegetables, and have an orange and a lemon tree. We have to buy milk and meat and groceries, but we're not too badly off. We're very proud really that we grow as much as we do."

The Morans aren't the only

ones who are proud. Their friends and neighbors in Brushgrove and Maclean are full of admiration for the baker and his family.

The local C.W.A. group is planning to help the family, and the Mayor of Maclean has launched a triplet fund to assist the Morans feed and clothe the babies.

The Moran family is convinced that there's no place like Brushgrove.

"We have the river at the back door," said Mrs. Moran, "but we're above flood level. The water comes about half-way up the garden, but we know we're safe."

"The boys," she said, "are delighted when the river floods. They can't get to school — two go to Grafton and one in the punt to Cowper on the mainland. They're all allowed to help Dad with the baking in the weekends, but during floods they're covered in flour all day long."

Ray already has decided to be a baker "like Dad." Ray recently spent 5½ months in hospital with a hip complaint, but is now at home recuperating.

Woodford Island is the largest of the many islands in the Clarence, but the local residents have different ideas of its length and breadth. Some say 10 miles long and five miles wide, others say 13 and five, or 13 and seven, others tell you 15 and five, and still others insist on 15 and seven.

Local opinion also differs on the number of islands in the Clarence, but most people agree on 101. Before the 1954 flood there were 99.

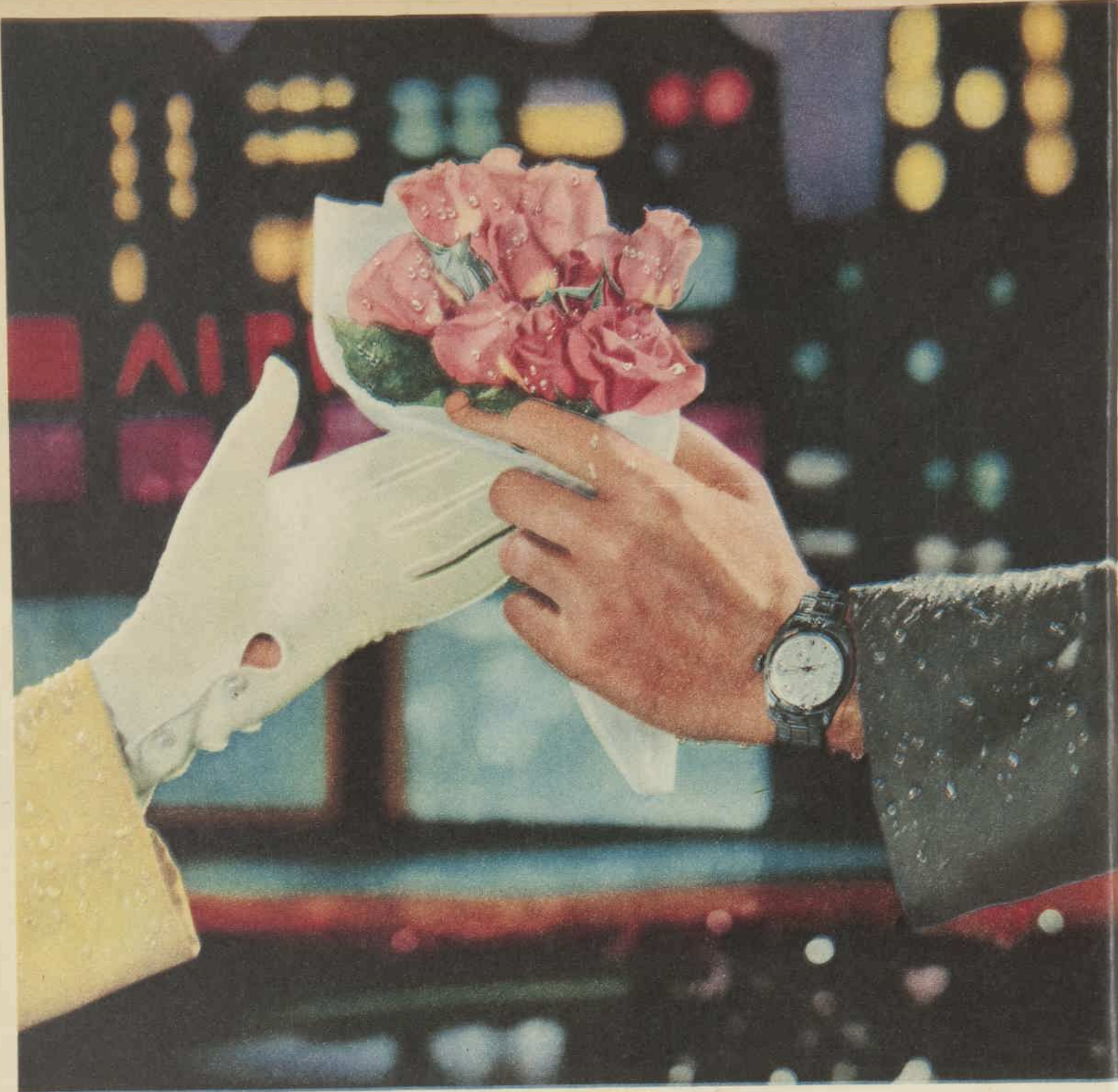
Everyone agrees, however, that Woodford is the largest river island in Australia. They also boast that it is the only island with a mountain range.



FAMILY GROUP on the front porch of the Moran home. At back are Miss Iris Sanders (Mrs. Moran's sister), Ray, Mr. Moran, with Mrs. Moran holding the triplets, and twins Tony and Jon, who will have their third birthday on August 1.



BEDTIME for Barry, Robert, and Alan, who were three weeks old when this picture was taken.



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OUR IRISH FASHION PARADES



SYBIL CONNOLLY

● The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to announce that it is bringing world-famous Irish designer Sybil Connolly on a return visit to Australia. Miss Connolly has created a special collection for the visit. In it she has, in her charming Irish way, paid Australian textiles the highest compliment—she has made ten models in Australian fabrics.

THE materials vary from fine woollens and cotton jerseys to spectacular prints in cottons and silks and gorgeous synthetics. They will be used for dinner, afternoon, and sports dresses, and, of course, for suits.

Textile houses from which Miss Connolly has chosen material for her models are Janelaine-Austral-Swiss Textiles Pty. Ltd., Classic Weaving Mills Pty. Ltd., Silk and Textile Printers, Prestige Ltd., and Yarra Falls Ltd.

The Australian premiere of our Irish Fashion Parades will be on August 10 at David Jones Ltd., who have joined with us in presenting this exciting fashion occasion.

The gala premiere in their Great Restaurant will launch ten days of twice-daily parades in Sydney from August 12 to 21.

From Sydney our Irish parades go to Finney Isles in Brisbane, where they will show from August 23 to 29; to Melbourne, where parades at the Myer Emporium Ltd. will be held from August 31 to September 1; and finally to Adelaide, where parades will be held for a week from September 14 at Charles Birks Ltd.

Miss Connolly is bringing four top mannequins with her.

They are elegant Greta Grimshaw, 26, an English girl with Irish forebears; Heather Jeffrey, from London; Maura Boylan, 23, of Dublin, Ireland; and, as another compliment to Australia, Nola Rose, the Australian who is now an internationally famous model.

Nola will come to lead Australia's glamor team.

Australian girls

THE other Australian girls to join Miss Connolly here are slender Margo McKendry (see cover) and Phoebe Macarthur Onslow (see pictures on pages 32 and 33).

Miss Connolly created a fashion sensation when she showed a collection here in 1954.

The unprecedented success of those parades is sure to be repeated this year, for, in the three years that have passed, Miss Connolly has consolidated her position as one of the world's truly great designers.

Her showings in New York a few months ago were, according to the experts, "a unique achievement in the world of high fashion."

One eminent American

writer even described her as "... this feminine Dior of Dublin."

Miss Connolly's basic-dressing belief is that clothes should be simple for day wear and splendid for night. She deems cocktail parties to be uncivilised, which may be why she never designs cocktail dresses.

In their place you find simple "dinner-at-home" dresses and divine separates, softly feminine.

New "separates"

ONE of her "separates" which caused a sensation in New York was aptly named "Liaison."

In it a voluminous skirt of finely pleated (uncrushable) pale pink Irish linen and a dream of a white linen blouse were joined by a deep green satin sash-belt with a big tailored buckle.

Her Australian collection, in which the predominating color is lavender, illustrates these beliefs in high-fashion terms.

An interesting fabric to be used in the collection is a new Irish linen damask which Miss Connolly has been experimenting on for three years.

"I have only just achieved the result I wanted in this," Miss Connolly said.

"This is the first time to my knowledge that linen

damask has been woven successfully exclusively for wearing apparel.

"The Australian collection will be the first one it will be used for. I have designed three models in this Irish linen damask—a suit, an evening skirt, and a wedding-gown.

"I think one of the most interesting of the woollen fabrics I am using is an unbleached linen thread woven with unbleached wool. It has a 'crunchy' and natural look which is my favorite in tweeds."

Talking of the suits to be shown, Miss Connolly said there were two distinct lines in the jackets of the suits.

One is very short, finishing about two inches below the waist. With it the skirts have soft, unpressed folds over the hips, narrowing into tight, slim hemlines.

Suit-lines

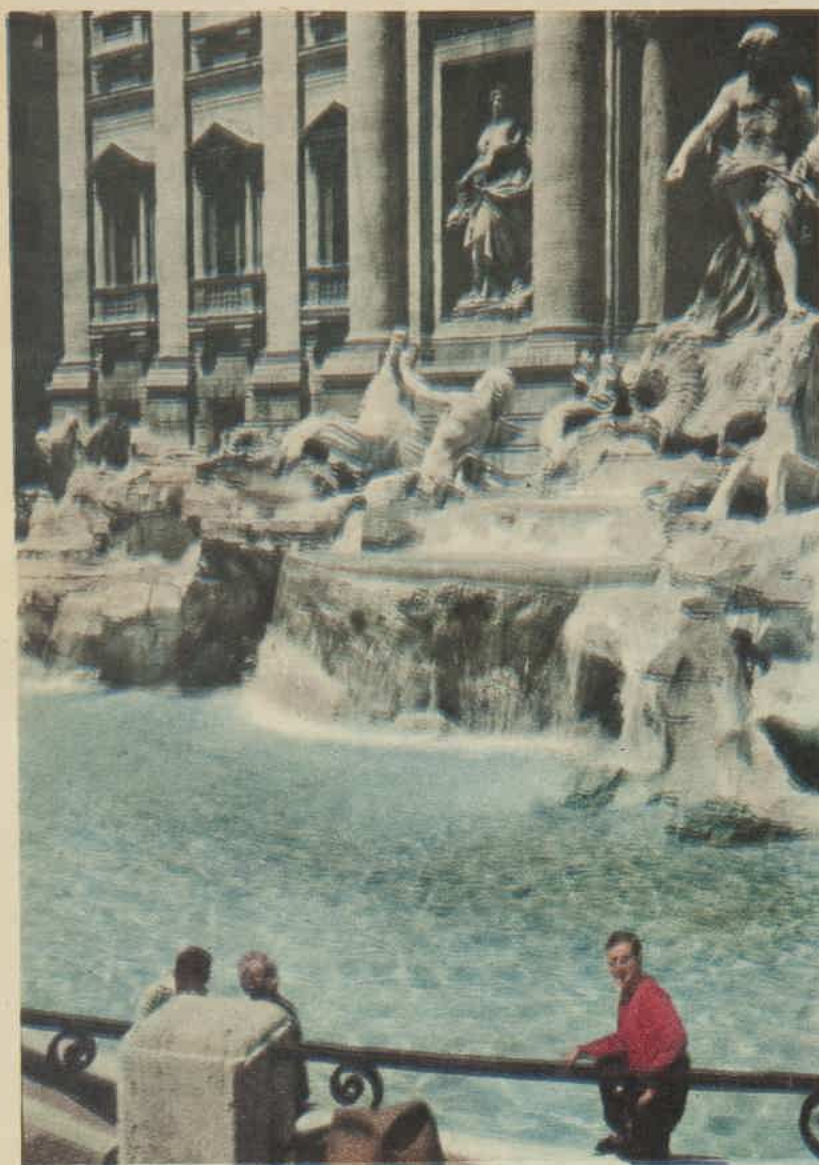
"THE other extreme in the collection is reached in the second suit-line," Miss Connolly said.

"It has soft shoulders, fairly wide, but the wideness is achieved not by padding but by an elongated shoulder-line on a jacket which finishes so near the hemline that it is almost a full-length coat. Not more than two inches of the skirt hem remains to be seen."



"LOVE IN THE MIST," above, worn by blonde Nola Rose, is a magically young ball gown of white gossamer pleated fine Irish linen, to be shown in our parades. The V-shaped white crochet running from bodice to skirt is threaded with blue ribbon which ties in a lover's knot. At left: Sophisticated three-piece in oatmeal Irish linen. The dress has a boat-shaped neck.

TENNIS STARS ON TOUR



A WISH FOR WIMBLEDON? Neale Fraser tosses a coin in Rome's Fontana di Trevi, of "Three Coins in the Fountain" fame. Travelling to Rome, Neale's plane was delayed at Khartoum. At the second take-off attempt the aircraft taxied, engines roaring, and Neale went to sleep. Four hours later he awoke in an empty plane—still at Khartoum.



AUSTRALIANS Lew Hoad and Bob Howe watch team mates playing cards after an outdoor cafe lunch in Rome. Lew also had travelling troubles. He lost his usual calm when, as his aircraft was about to land in Rome, he looked down to see another plane directly below—about to take off on the same runway. Lew's pilot opened up at the last moment, averting a disaster, and made another circuit before a safe landing.

Story and pictures by **MARY HAWTON**

● Several young married couples playing in this year's European tennis tournaments have managed to combine the busy round of championship play with the pleasures of sight-seeing.

AT present the players are at Beckingham, England. Next week they will go on to Queens.

Then comes the fortnight everyone has been saving strength for — the Wimbledon Championships, which begin on June 26.

Newest-married on the tour are Queenslander Daphne Seeney and South African Davis Cup player Trevor Fancutt. They wed in April.

Also just married are Gordon Forbes, another South African Davis Cup man, and Valerie Kortzen, former South African junior champion.

Don Candy and his wife, Sandra, are on their honeymoon, and, of course, we have Lew and Jenny Hoad.

I'm sure that the highlight of Lew and Jenny's trip will be their visit to Vienna, where they spent a day at the home of Johann Strauss.

They also had an exciting night out at a restaurant owned by Karnos, the zither artist who played the "Harry Lime Theme" in the film "The Third Man."

Karnos' place is a typical Viennese winehouse — where only chicken dishes and wine are served.

And the late night didn't affect their tennis, as Lew beat the Czechoslovakian Jaroslav Drobný and Jenny reached the singles finals.

Probably our most vivid memories of Italy are of the wonderful food.

Lew Hoad's favorite dish there was Cannelloni; Neale Frazer's was Tortellini Asciutti. (Ashley Cooper's was Sophia Loren.)

The standard breakfast in Rome is coffee and rolls, and whenever we tried to order something like bacon and eggs we threw the entire kitchen staff into confusion.

Most of us gave up and ate Italian food. But it made a

problem of keeping down weight, as spaghetti and other Italian dishes are more than 50 per cent. flour.

The Italian championships were played in brilliant sunshine at Fort Italo, the immense Olympic area in which the 1960 Olympic Games will be held.

The seats in the centre court are of marble, as in the old Roman arenas.

To reach this court we had to go through a long electrically lit tunnel. We felt just like the early Christians being thrown to the lions—especially when the Italian crowd demonstrated by hissing and whistling.

The Italian habit of cheering or applauding a visitor's error was most disconcerting to us, especially as we had difficulty understanding the score called in Italian.

Fourteen Australians played in the Italian championships, probably a record.

Lew Hoad, Ashley Cooper, and Neale Frazer, of the official Australian team, were there with Mervyn Rose, Don Candy, Bob Howe, Warren Woodcock, and Neil Gibson.

Among the women were Thelma Long, Daphne Seeney (Fancutt), Margaret Hellyer, Jennifer Hoad, Kay Newcombe, and myself.

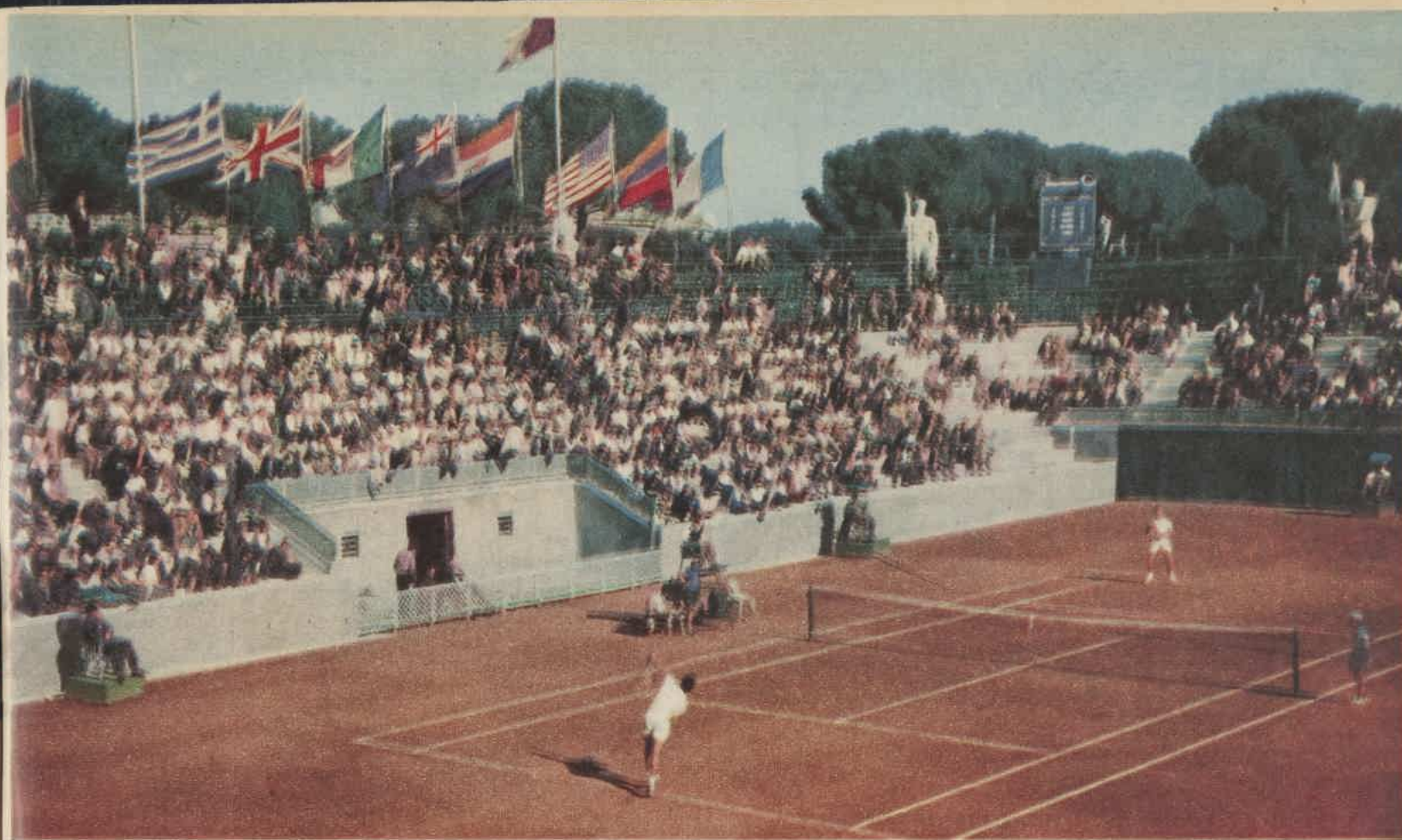
After the really tough Italian championships, we relaxed in Spain, Germany, and Vienna.

These tournaments were not of major importance as far as results were concerned, and we were able to approach them more lightheartedly.

Mervyn Rose, Warren Woodcock, and Neil Gibson



WATCHING IN THE STAND at the centre court in Rome's magnificent stadium and clubhouse. From left: Bob Howe, Mary Hawton, Jenny Hoad, Mervyn Rose, Sandra Candy, and Don Candy. Jenny Hoad created a sensation in Prague when she walked on to the court in a blue-trimmed Teddy Tinling tennis frock and tomato-red jumper. Jenny also was an eye-catching figure in an emerald-green satin brocade party frock she had tailored for only £5 while shopping in Singapore.



ABOVE: Mervyn Rose (foreground) plays Lenci Hoad at Rome's centre court. Later, at Barcelona, Mervyn sat out a bullfight for the first time. When the matador turned his back to the bull, within a foot of its horns, Merv's comment was: "They'd have to give me a lot of expenses to play in that tournament." Mervyn is now in England.

BELOW: Two tiny Mexicans, playing for the first time in Europe, competed against Australians in the final of the women's doubles at Rome. From left: Mary Hawton, Thelma Long, Yolande Ramirez, and Rosa Maria Reyes. Rosa is the sister of the Mexican junior champion, Esteban Reyes, who made a tour of Australia last year.

went to Barcelona, Lew and Jenny Hoad went to Vienna, and Don and Sandra Candy, Daphne Fancutt, Margaret Hellyer, and I went to Wiesbaden, in Germany.

On the night of the finals at Wiesbaden a tennis ball was held at the Kaushaus—a magnificent building containing three dinner-dance restaurants, two beautiful ballrooms, and a gambling casino.

Don Candy was persuaded to take his electric steel guitar to the ball, and his hillbilly songs brought the house down.

After the ball all the Australians decided to try their luck at roulette.

We burst into the casino chattering and laughing, and were received with raised eyebrows—we had violated the precious silence of the gambling room.

For the women players, Paris was the tour high spot.

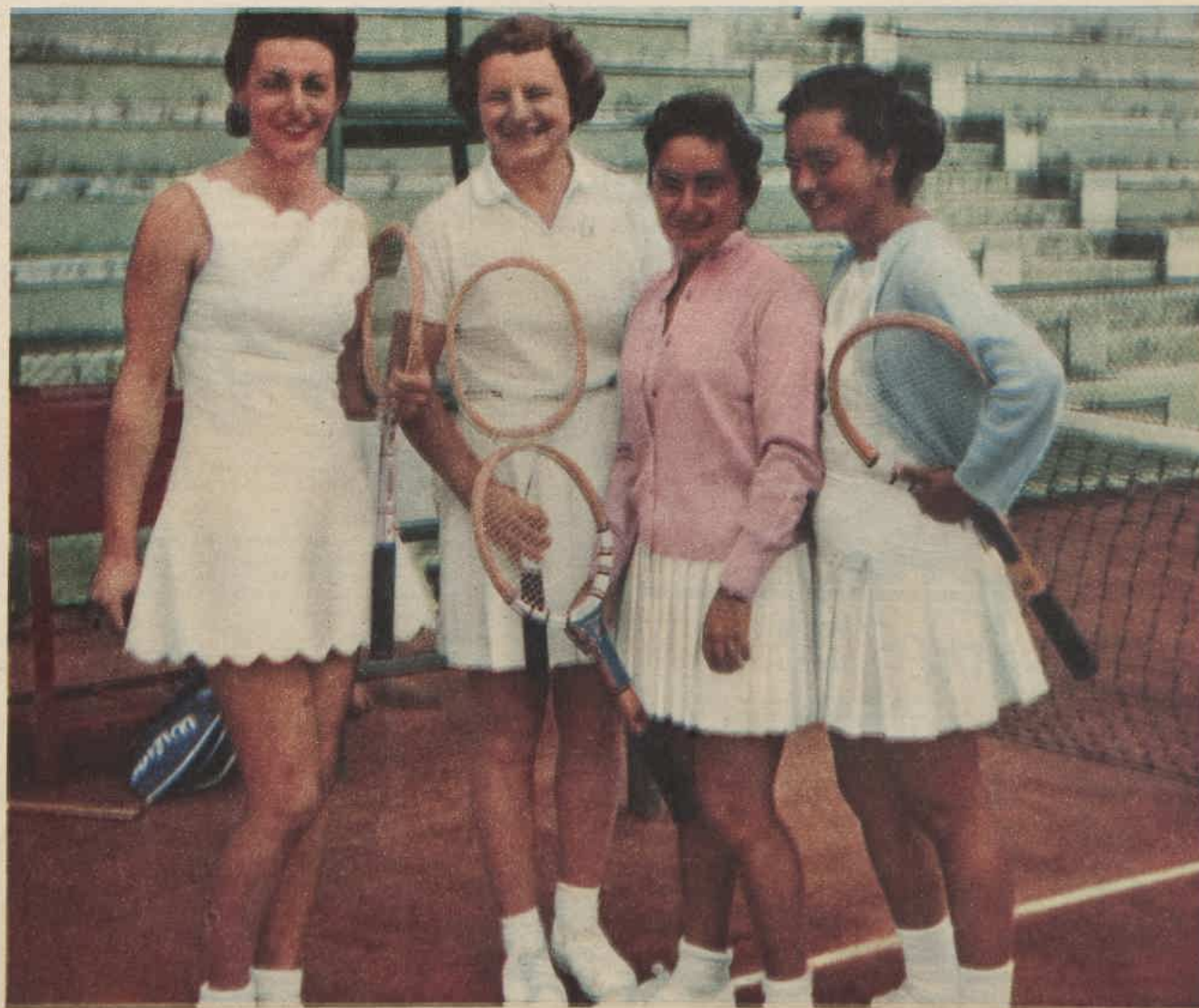
On arrival at the courts for the French championships, invitations were issued to us for cocktail parties, sight-seeing tours, and visits to the famous Windmill night-club in Montmartre.

The Tennis Club at Stade Roland Garros had dressing-rooms equipped with vanity tables and free cosmetics, including wonderful French perfumes.

There was even a service for washing and ironing.

Young girls playing the French championships for the first time were dazzled by the superb clothes in Paris shops and were quickly disillusioned by the price tags.

Frantic letters were sent home for extra money for the "little frocks with the wonderful cut and style."



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| COMPARE | NEW-KNITMASTER AUTOMATIC KNITTING TIME | OLD-FASHIONED HAND KNITTING TIME |
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| GIRL'S JUMPER... | 29 minutes | 18 hours |
| BOY'S PULLOVER... | 35 minutes | 16½ hours |
| TODDLER'S DRESS... | 38 minutes | 17 hours |
| | 174 minutes | 9½ hours |

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AWW1

BUTCH



"I should be able to leave soon. Big drops always mean it won't last long."

MOTHER



"There's one thing about having lunch at school—if you don't like your sandwiches nobody makes you eat them!"

It seems to me

A COUPLE of weeks ago I wrote rather unsympathetically about the proposal that men be eligible for alimony, but I have it in my heart to feel a twinge on behalf of Mr. Dennis Hamilton, planning a divorce from Miss Diana Dors.

Mr. Hamilton, making the public statement which is customary in such circles in such circumstances, said that in Hollywood while Miss Dors was working ten hours a day he had nothing to do except "sit around the swimming-pool and wait."

He thus underlined the fact that the husband of a rich woman finds it harder to fill in time than the wife of a rich man.

Women, whether rich or poor, always have plenty to do. If they're poor, the prospect of sitting round a swimming-pool seems unspeakably alluring.

But if they're rich they don't sit round swimming-pools. Their lives are absolutely crammed with manicures and facials and hairdos and visits to the dressmaker and the milliner and thinking up new ways to arrange driftwood.

Thus, according to the role in which life has cast them, they are always either slaving over a hot stove or under a mud pack.

Still, one mustn't get too carried away with sympathy for Mr. Hamilton. After all, he could have gone for a swim.

"PASSENGER resistance" is the latest term used to explain away the railways deficit in New South Wales.

In Detroit, U.S.A., a bus company has gone to real trouble to woo passengers.

They have installed a device to put rose perfume in the exhaust, stifling the diesel fumes.

This follows on an experiment in the Paris Metro, where perfume has been introduced to cheer travellers.

Requirements of Sydneysiders are so much simpler. All they ask of their trains, buses, and trams is that they should run on time, that the timetables should be readily available, that there are enough seats, and fares within reach of the average pocket.

But evidently these things are too much.

AT the other end of the transport scale comes the news that the Rolls-Royce people have installed an espresso coffee machine in one of their newest models.

This follows on the previous year's model obtainable with TV set and refrigeration.

Someone should suggest to the manufacturers that for Australian conditions an imitation black billy (it could be sterling silver underneath) would be a desirable addition.

Millionaire guests of millionaire hosts could then be introduced to pleasing old Australian customs. With an artificial campfire installed, and a movie projector to provide bush scenery, it would be possible to have a picnic in comfort without going off the good roads.



Dorothy Dorn

THE long dry spell, so disastrous in the country, is having its city repercussions, too.

Manufacturers and retailers report a slump in overcoats and raincoats. Winter clothes are selling slowly.

Boot repairers suffer—it's wet weather that finds out the holes in shoe soles.

The umbrella counters have been deserted for weeks.

The warm days have tricked some plants, which are blooming out of season.

Presumably the unusual weather affects human behaviour, too. I don't know how things are round other offices in town, but in ours on one of last week's loveliest days the teenage crowd was, of all things, riddles.

The gaiety produced by such queries as "How do you get down off an elephant?" would have been quite a cheer-up to those who believe that today's teenagers are exclusively occupied with the James Dean cult or playing chicken.

Which reminds me, positively the only gem I had to contribute was "Why did the chicken cross the road?" which first slayed me at the age of six.

Shows what a pity it is to throw away things. "Cole's Funny Book" had hundreds of riddles—and evidently they're still right in the groove.

AFTER Britain had exploded the Christmas Island bomb, the biggest ever, Mr. Krushchev said the Russians had a bomb too big to test.

"It happened long ago," the caveman said,

"And those who understood it — well, they're dead.

Some kind of competition, so I've heard. To make the biggest bombs—it seems absurd.

But that's according to my grandpa's tale. Which grew, from repetition, rather stale. He liked to talk about the good old days, Seeing them through a far, romantic haze. He talked of cars, and wonderful machines,

And gadgets that they used for stringing beans.

He talked of cities, gay with colored lights. How pretty were the flower shops at night. And how they sat around in coffee-bars. Chatting of politics and trips to Mars.

And then we always had to steer him back

(He was inclined to wander off the track). But there he grew quite vague; he said at last

There came the mammoth blast to end all blast.

So someone won the race, there was no doubt,

But who it was he never did find out.

First trip... or 20th...



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*For the budget-minded — fun and comfort on the thrifty **Rainbow** service*



Relax in big, reclining seats. Linger over meals prepared by international chefs — and cocktails brought to you for much, much less than you'd pay on land. Enjoy friendly, courteous service all the way. **All this**, plus the exciting feeling of being in a new country right at the start of your trip. Yes, there's a joyous **American** welcome waiting for you the second you board your giant, super-powered, Pan American "Strato" Clipper.*



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Sleep restfully in "Sleeperette"* seats that stretch w-a-y out to full bed length (or pay just a little more for the complete privacy of your own berth). Sip chilled champagne with your gourmet meals. Stroll down to the unique lower deck lounge to meet fellow-passengers, enjoy your favourite drink. Add to all these luxuries Pan American's unequalled record of **world-wide experience** — and you know you'll have the most relaxing, enjoyable trip of your life when you fly the "President".

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Wherever and whenever you want to go, Pan American will fly you there with speed, quiet and comfort. And here's a happy thought: you can enjoy fun-packed days in the U.S.A. on your way to England or Europe—let Pan American help arrange your dollar allowance, plan an itinerary.

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Sneezin' Season's here!



and soft
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KLEENEX

Tissues
are back in the big 3'9 size



And remember—Kleenex keeps mirrors and glass surfaces bright because it is lint free—that's just another reason why Kleenex Tissues do not irritate and are so soothing to sore noses and cold and hay fever sneezes.

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Tissues in 3 sizes

3'9 2' 1'6

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

TELEVISION PARADE

● Television's first cooking show designed for both husbands and wives will begin on Channel 9, TCN on Thursday night, June 13, at 7.25.

IT is cookery busy women will welcome—it will specialise in dishes from hors d'oeuvres to puddings cooked in five minutes. Right before the camera French chef Marcel Clay will show how to conquer time in cookery.

Chef Clay prefers to keep his TV dishes secret, but he tells me his first will be Delices de Mer, which he translates as "sea-food delights."

I understand it is robust enough for men and has the delicate flavor women enjoy.

THE steelwork of Channel 2, ABN's new full-grown television tower at Gore Hill is finished, but the closest I can get to a date for a transmission from it is "round about August 1."

The installation of transmission equipment, which includes 32 aerials, is scheduled as the next step in the project.

The new tower is about 500 feet high and, like those of Channel 9 and Channel 7, is about 850 feet above sea level.

There should be fewer ghosts on TV screens tuned to Channel 2 after transmission starts from the new tower. "The Stump," from which Channel 2 has been transmitting since it began telecasting, is only 150 feet high.

I WAS disappointed in "Round the World in Forty Minutes," Prince Philip's tour telecast. I am not sure whether it was too long or not long enough, but something made it very dull.

It was illustrated by maps, photographs, and films taken by Prince Philip, as well as by some of the gifts he was given, and will be shown finally on Thursday, June 13, at 9.30 p.m. on Channel 2, ABN.

I thought Prince Philip looked much older and more severe on TV. He did remarkably well as a commentator; not so well as a photographer. A lot of the pictures and films he showed were not the best



ZSA ZSA GABOR and her daughter Francesca, 9. Francesca, who favors "heavy" roles, has joined the TV players' union and signed to appear in TV's "Playhouse 90." She has a one-line part and says, "My role is very dramatic."

What did fill me with horror as the telecast went on was the "souvenir" problem that must haunt the Queen.

Prince, Philip produced, as illustrations, an unending procession of gifts that ranged from Malacca canes and woomeras to outrigger canoes and bird-of-paradise fly-whisks.

By
NAN MUSCROVE

Add the other Royal tour gifts to his collection and you have a real storage problem.

I'd say that "Among My Souvenirs" is definitely not the Royal couple's song.

THE reason behind the changed time of Eric Baume's "This I Believe" spot on Channel 7, ATN is intriguing.

In the parlance of film exhibitors, Mr. B. had to fit a "G," or "General," classification at the old time of 7.15 p.m. His material at that time had to be completely inoffensive to children.

With the extra time given by Channel 7's new transmission times, Baume will thunder in at 10.10 p.m., when he

can be classified as "A," or suitable for adults only.

The powers-that-be at ATN feel the programme will be improved by the removal of the "G" inhibition, and the fact that Mr. B. will be able to have a leisurely dinner and additional thinking time before he goes on camera.

IT looks as if there'll be a very good chance of seeing the Rugby League World Cup matches on TV, although the N.S.W. Rugby League has vetoed further telecasts of interclub matches for 1957.

I am told the ticket sales are the barometer which will decide TV or not TV, and that at the moment it is rising in favor of the telecasts. Matches in Sydney are listed for June 15, 17, 22, and 25.

ANDREW WAUGH, "Handy Andy" to you, makes his TV debut on Channel 9 at 5 p.m. on Saturday, June 15, in a "do-it-yourself" half-hour telecast.

The programme will be crammed with good practical information and demonstrations.

In his first telecast he will repair a chair and patch a crack in a plaster wall.



● Contributions are invited for our "Sweet and Sour" Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for "The Nicest Compliment" and "The Best Backhander." Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I WAS staying at a friend's house where there were a number of small children.

The eldest, a boy about seven, took a great liking to me. On one occasion I asked if he would go downstairs and bring up my shoes. He came into my room looking a bit sheepish and handed me the shoes. Then he said: "I wish you was a centipede."

£2/2/- awarded to Miss Irene Smyth, Box 14, P.O., Nunawading, Vic.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

I WAS going to visit a cousin who had two young boys, so I made a batch of fruit scones.

Knowing the appetites of growing lads, I cut two extra large scones for them. After the eight-year-old had finished his in record time he said:

"Gee, Auntie, you do make good scones! Every one weighs a ton."

£2/2/- awarded to "Auntie Nell," Daylesford, Vic.

● Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

• The heiress and the doctor

They'll house-hunt in Sydney

A courtship in London, a proposal in Bermuda, a wedding probably in the South of France, and a home in Sydney make even more international the romance of a Canadian heiress and an Australian doctor.

By
LARRY FOLEY,
of our New York staff

INTEND to like Australia," said 30-year-old Barbara Weston, daughter of Canada's multi-millionaire "Biscuit King," Mr. Willard Weston, after the announcement of her engage-

ment to handsome Sydney surgeon Dr. Robert Ian Mitchell, also 30.

Judging by Miss Weston's tastes and accomplishments, she should like Australia without any effort—and Australia should like her just as readily.

She is a tall, slim, red-haired, blue-eyed beauty who has taught school, modelled clothes professionally in London, swims, rides, and plays tennis.

Barbara is the third of nine children—three sons and six daughters.

Barbara's elder sister is married and lives in London. All the others are unmarried. One son, Garry, has been a managing director of the Weston Biscuit Co. in Australia for three years.

No million

IN Sydney, Garry Weston has denied a report that his father had settled £1,000,000 on Barbara on her engagement.

He said: "There is absolutely no truth in the story."

Barbara's two youngest sisters are still at school; the other two are schoolteachers.

Willard Weston followed in the footsteps of another go-ahead Canadian millionaire, Max Aitken (later Lord Beaverbrook), and settled in England before World War II.

His children, consequently, were raised partly in Canada and partly in England. Barbara completed her education in the United States, graduating a Bachelor of Arts.

She divided her time between her London and Toronto homes. Last year the Westons acquired another home.

"It's a small chateau in the South of France near Cannes,"

said Barbara, "but I haven't seen it yet."

"I think the wedding will take place there in the autumn," she told me by telephone from Toronto. "It will be a small affair, with fewer than 50 guests, I expect."

"Oh, no. I couldn't describe my wedding gown," she said. "I don't know how it is in Australia, but in Canada it is the custom not to divulge details of the wedding dress, not even the color. It's supposed to be a surprise."

Miss Weston said she met Dr. Mitchell at a friend's house in North London last June.

Dr. Mitchell went to London in August, 1954, and worked at several hospitals.

He graduated from Sydney University in 1951 and was on the staff at the Royal North Shore Hospital until leaving for London. His home is at Longueville, N.S.W.

Dr. Mitchell came to New York last January on a year's fellowship to specialise in cancer surgery with the Pack Medical Foundation.

In January Barbara went to Bermuda to work as an interior decorator at a hotel, and Dr. Mitchell flew down to join her for a few days. It was there he proposed, but they kept their plans secret until Barbara came to New York.

Together they chose two diamonds and a turquoise for an engagement ring at a Fifth Avenue jeweller's, ordered the ring to be made, and sent word to the Weston family in



HEIRESS Barbara Weston, who has announced her engagement to Dr. Robert Ian Mitchell, of Longueville, N.S.W. Barbara is now preparing her trousseau at her Toronto (Canada) home.



DR. ROBERT MITCHELL, who plans to return to Sydney with his bride when he finishes his year's appointment with the Pack Medical Foundation in New York.

London to announce the engagement.

"My appointment here is for a year," Dr. Mitchell told me in his Manhattan office.

"When it is up at the end of this year, our plans are to make our home in Sydney. I haven't a flat or a house lined up—I hear the housing situation is pretty bad now, too."

"I don't think Barbara will feel cut off. She has lived in many different places and is most adaptable. I have found myself a very lovely wife."

Barbara hasn't done too badly, either. Dr. Mitchell is

an easy-going, good-looking chap with a quick, friendly grin, is 6ft. 2in. tall and weighs 13st. 8lb. when he is trim.

He is not in trim just now. He is 10lb. overweight.

"All those carbohydrates in the diet in England," he said ruefully, "and now in New York I find little scope for sport or exercise."

Dr. Mitchell played cricket and football as a pupil at Sydney Church of England Grammar School. He is a keen surfer and expects Barbara will turn into a good surfer, too.

The outdoors appeals to her. With two sisters, she has organised and run for several years a lakeside summer camp for underprivileged children in Ontario.

Barbara's good looks and athletic grace—she is 5ft. 5½in. tall, weighs about 8st.—earned her a top modelling job in Fortnum and Mason's, Piccadilly.

Live quietly

A CONTROLLING interest in Fortnum and Mason's is only one of her father's interests. He has three other flourishing businesses in England, heads 32 companies in Canada and eight in the United States, and is reported to be worth £A425,000,000.

Despite their millions, the Westons live quietly. Mrs. Weston still rides in buses, and Mr. Weston once refused almost £19,000 for a Persian carpet at his home because "all my children had played on it at one time or another, and I could never part with it."

Regular attendance at church is all he asks of the tenants he allows to live rent-free in the modern cottages on his Oxfordshire estate. At Christmas, church-going villagers get free biscuits.

He once said: "I have never worked for money as such. It is the adventure of business that appeals to me."

Prince a perfect wedding guest

● Perfectionist Prince Philip had a rehearsal of his role in the wedding of his niece, Princess Margarita of Baden, to Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia at Salem, in southern Germany.

BEFORE the ceremony, Prince Philip tapped the Margrave of Baden, the bride's father, on the shoulder and said: "I say, my part looks a bit complicated. Can we have a quick run through?"

So the Prince and the Margrave left the many Royal guests in the vast castle of Salem, near beautiful Lake Constance, and, beneath the kitchen stairs, had a short rehearsal of taking the gold wedding rings from the bride's and groom's left hands and passing them over the couple's right hands—the Serbian symbol that they are married.

The Church ceremonies—Serbian Orthodox for Prince Tomislav and

By
ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Protestant for Princess Margarita—lasted three hours.

The Princess, who trained as a nurse in London, showed no sign of strain, but many of the guests looked tired.

For the wedding an altar was erected beneath chandeliers in the castle's marble-walled dining-room. Princess Margarita's dress was of white satin with a long train carried by two page boys.

After the wedding Prince Philip led his mother, Princess Alice of Greece, frail and dressed in the blue habit of the Greek religious order of which she is a member, in the long Royal crocodile that followed the bride and groom

through the narrow streets of Salem village, where the Prince once went to a co-educational school.

Four ex-Kings walked in this procession with German aristocrats and members of ruling monarchies in a setting that seemed to put the clock back two hundred years.

Queen Frederika of Greece, who posed for a picture with Prince Philip, her arm linked happily in his, was a guest, so was Princess Sibylla of Sweden and her daughters, Princess Margaretha and Princess Desirée.

Princess Margaretha, whose romance with Englishman Robin Douglas-Home, was given world headlines, was one of the loveliest girls at the wedding. When asked if she had heard from England she said "no" and ran shyly away.

Princess Alexandra of Kent, soberly dressed in quilted blue and white, was escorted in the Royal procession by Prince Franz von Bayern. In the evening she changed into a

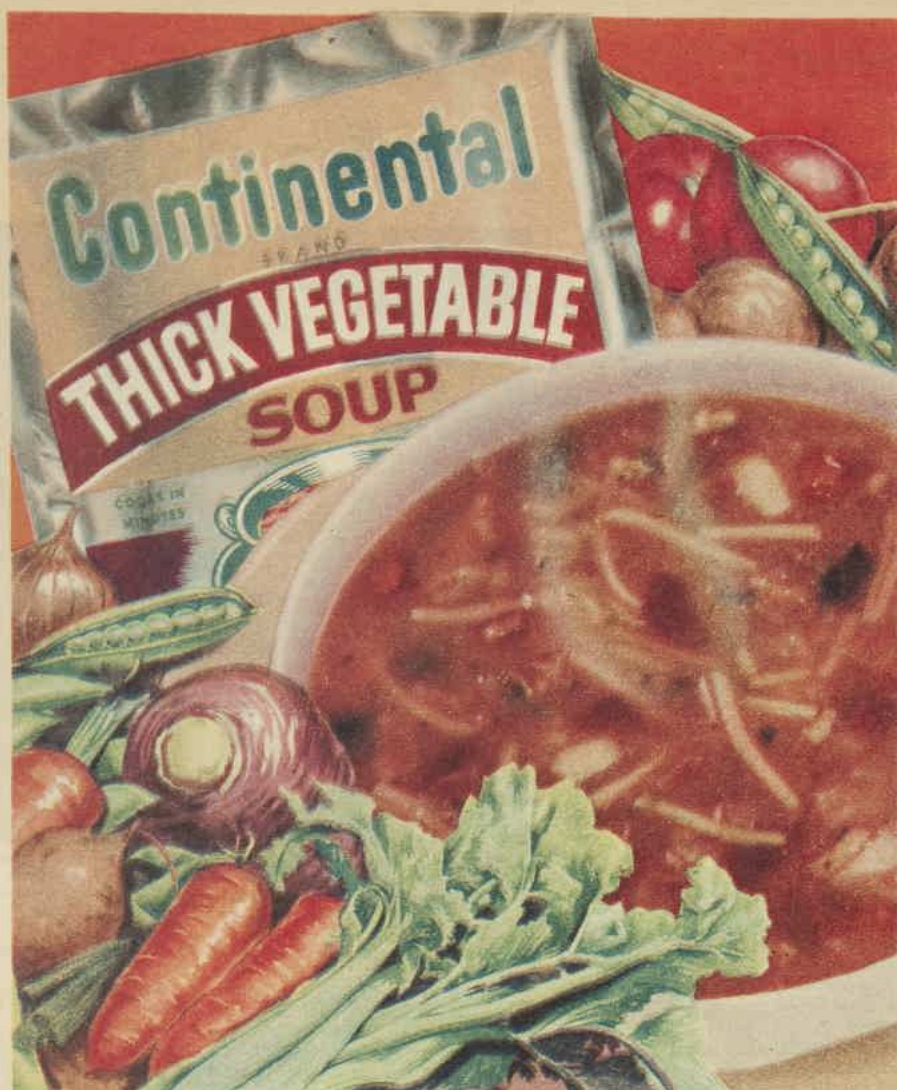


PRINCE PHILIP with his niece, Princess Margarita of Baden, after her marriage to Prince Tomislav of Yugoslavia. The Princess wore a satin gown with a train five yards long.

beautiful evening gown and went to dinner with Prince Philip and his former Australian secretary, Lieut.-Commander Michael Parker.

Michael Parker said: "I looked after the bride when she was at school in England and later at the hospital where she trained as a nurse. It was my job."

Although the former secretary was a rather lonely figure wandering in the castle courtyard and taking photographs after the wedding, he was happy at dinner, joking the couple's lifetime.



Choose tonight a wonderful-tasting
Continental brand Soup

Thick Vegetable Soup

**"NINE CHOICE VEGETABLES
IN RICH BEEF STOCK—**

and all that home-made goodness
in only 20 minutes" SAYS *Betty King*

HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS



Enjoy the flavour of the delicious
beef stock. Taste those vegetables
... juicy peas, onions, cabbage,
carrots, parsnips, tomatoes, tur-
nips and others. All the good
things you use yourself to cook
home-made vegetable soup.

cleaning the
vegetables
and peeling
them ... they're all done for you.

In only 20 minutes you're licking
your lips over 4 big steaming
bowls of this wonderful-tasting
Thick Vegetable Soup — a
square-meal soup that spreads
real warmth inside a man.

With Continental Thick Vegetable
Soup all the fun of cooking and
serving's yours. The time-takers,

ANY WEATHER, DAY OR NIGHT, PICK A CONTINENTAL SOUP
TO START THE MEAL OFF RIGHT



Easiest way ever to make . . .

Luscious Lemon Meringue Pie

"It's the kind mother used to serve, yet you make it so quickly
with Mellah Lemon Pie Filling — and 'Copha' for the pastry,"

SAYS *Betty King*, HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS

Big slices of luscious, home-made
Lemon Meringue Pie — wonder-
ful for tonight's dessert! The job's
half done already with Mellah
Lemon Pie Filling — made up in

minutes, and deliciously creamy.
And that wonderful biscuit-crisp
pastry is so easy too, thanks
to Copha's simple 'Melt 'n' Mix'
Method. Try this recipe today.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Biscuit Pastry

1 oz. sugar; 1 egg;
5 oz. (1½ cups) self-raising flour;
½ level teaspoon salt;
2 oz. Copha Shortening.

Place in basin sugar, egg, salt and
half the sifted flour. Add melted
'Copha' (barely warm, not hot). Beat
2 minutes. Add remaining flour and
mix well. Knead slightly and roll on
floured board. Line a 7" pie plate,

A Betty King "Tested Recipe"

trim and decorate edges. Prick well
with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven
15 minutes.

Pie Filling

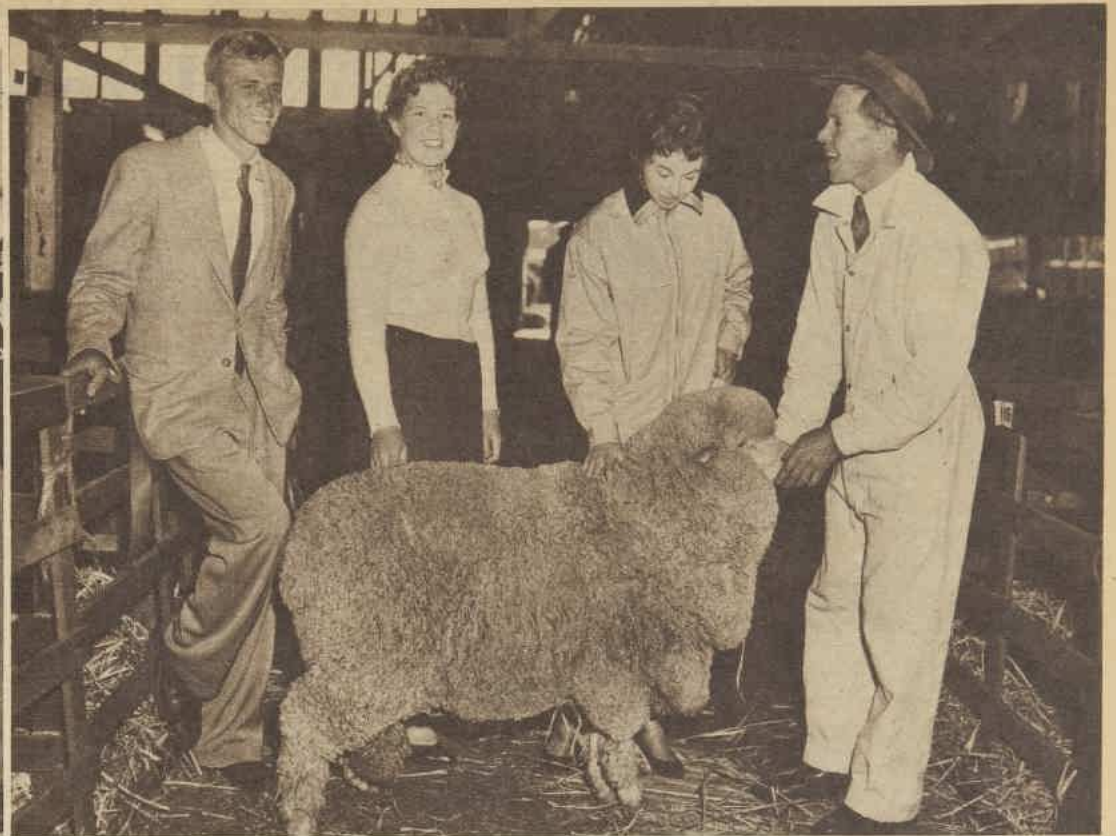
Make 1 pkt. Mellah Lemon Pie Filling
as directed on pack. Cool and place
in cooled pastry case. Top with meringue.

Pure, white, all-vegetable shortening —
makes perfect pastry, cakes, biscuits.





INVESTITURE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE. The Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott (left), and the Chief Justice, Sir Kenneth Street, with Sheila Collett and her mother, Mrs. Arthur Collett, after Sheila had been awarded the M.B.E. at the last investiture held at Government House by Sir John Northcott, who retires at the end of July.



AT THE SHEEP SHOW. Dick Macarthur Onslow proudly shows one of his prizewinning rams to John ("Bomber") Moxham, of "Mullengudgery Stud," Mullengudgery (left), Judy Kater, of "Gillawarrina," Trangie, and Christina McWilliam. The sheep show was opened this year by the United Kingdom High Commissioner, Lord Carrington.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

FOR the first time since her daughter's wedding, Mrs. Tom Brockhoff is visiting England and will stay with daughter Robin and son-in-law, the Hon. Robin Neville. Mrs. Brockhoff plans a trip to the Continent and will return to Sydney in October.

The two Robins will move into a new home in July or August and Mrs. Brockhoff is going to help decorate it.

The house is on a farm of 300 acres on the Braybrooke family estate at Saffron Walden, in Essex.

AT a quiet wedding in the Wesley Chapel, Melbourne, Mrs. Pat Fairbairn married Cecil Gardner, of "Barina," Benalla, where they will make their home. Douglas Carnegie, of "Kildrummie," Holbrook, gave his sister away and afterwards Mrs. Erick Grimwade gave a small reception at her Toorak home. Among the guests were Fred Grimwade and his wife, formerly Joan Rich, of Elizabeth Bay . . . they came into town from their property, "Glenarua," Broadford.

CHAMPAGNE cocktails will be served to guests as they arrive at the Empress Ballroom on June 21 for a dance organised by the Old Boys' Union of The King's School.

HALFWAY to England on board Strathnaver are pretty Sydney girls Dolores Belisario and Jennifer Purser. In London they plan to meet up with Helen Bayliss and Janet Voss, who were students at the University with Dolores. The girls plan to "do" the Continent together and on the way home Dolores plans to visit her aunt, Mrs. Kent Moore, in California.

AFTER nearly two years overseas — at finishing school in Switzerland and the Sorbonne in Paris — Sarita Parer will arrive home on board Himalaya on Friday, June 14. Sarita attended lectures at Fribourg University during her stay in Switzerland, then attended the Sorbonne with a group of American girls she had met at the Villa Beata finishing school. In Paris they stayed at Nieuilly College and Sarita received a diploma in French and history at the Sorbonne. Before sailing for Sydney she visited relatives in England — while there sat for the entrance exam at Oxford, was successful, and hopes to return there as a student in November.

THE boys from the bush got together at the Sheep Show as usual and swapped the latest news with friends they hadn't seen since the last Show. The Frank Worthingtons, of "Prior Park," Dromana, Vic., exhibited again this year — one of their Ryeland ewes was judged the reserve grand champion, Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Patterson came to the Show from their home, "Hartwood," Deniliquin, then left early this week to attend the opening of the ballet in Melbourne. During their stay in Sydney they gave one of the best parties of the week . . . a dinner for about a dozen guests in the annexe at the Australian Club.



COCKTAILS ON BOARD SHIP. Mr. and Mrs. David Playfair with Peter Playfair (centre) at the cocktail party for more than three hundred guests given on board Mariposa by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson before they left for Honolulu.



QUARTET OF GUESTS at the White Cross dinner-dance are (from left) John Tarlinton, Ann Foster, Maureen Coyle, and John Ford. Proceeds of the dinner-dance, which was held at Princes, will aid the St. John Ambulance Brigade.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Michael McKay after their wedding at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. Mrs. McKay was Doone McAlary, of "Castlebar," Warren, and the bridegroom is the younger son of Mrs. J. B. McKay, of "The Overflow," Warren, and the late Mr. Beverley McKay.



LEAVING St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, are John Hunt and his bride, formerly Suzanne Allen, younger daughter of the Frank Allens, of "Merriwen," Boggabri. John is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hunt.

BRIEFLY . . . Diana Rhoades will make a flying visit to Sydney this week to attend Bev Worboy's wedding to Ken Murphy at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on Friday, June 14. Diana has to return to Bowral on Saturday to be on duty at the District Hospital from twelve noon . . . Public Service Commissioner Mr. K. E. Grainger and Mrs. Grainger, of Canberra, gave a party for one hundred guests to celebrate the coming-of-age of their son Jim — a recent graduate in dentistry. Jim is now attached to the Dental Hospital in Sydney.

Anne

Bringing Sunshine for Your Table...



During the past 85 years, Arnott's have used vast quantities of wheat which they have converted into delicious biscuits for sale in Australia and export overseas.

Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits make a light, wholesome meal of balanced nourishment. By the special process of their manufacture the protein and mineral content of the wheat grain in this biscuit is retained.



Arnott's
famous
SHREDDED WHEATMEAL
Biscuits



There is no Substitute for Quality

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Every week in these columns I answer as many problems as I can. It is quite impossible to answer personal letters. Sometimes, as this week, I choose one letter presenting a problem which may be common to many.

HERE is the letter:

"I am 17 and would like some advice. About five days ago I had a quarrel with my mother over a record which I purchased. The reason for the quarrel was that I had paid a considerable amount for it. My mother and father had not told me I could not buy it, but advised me to buy clothes, but having my heart set on this particular record I bought it. Now my mother won't speak to me or have anything to do with me; in fact, she treats me more like a boarder than a daughter. She called me names while we were quarrelling and I packed a bag and said I was going to my grandmother's for the night, but when I went to leave she told me to stay in my bedroom, although earlier she said the sooner I went the better. I don't know what to do as I'm sure she hates me, as no mother who loved her daughter would call her names."

"Lonely," Granyville, N.S.W.

Quarrels are events that are both upsetting and interesting. The upsetting quarrels are the ones you have yourself; the interesting ones are those other people have. What makes them interesting is what's behind them.

People, in my opinion, never quarrel about what they are quarrelling about. I think that generally some incident releases resentments and ill-feeling that have been storing up for a long time into a big quarrel.

You've no doubt lived through bad times, when you've stalked through the days spoiling for a fight, looking for someone to pick on.

I think that was the state your mother was in. She quarrelled with you over the record because circumstances had brought her to a stage where she wanted to fight with you. To look a bit deeper, it could be that she believes secretly that she didn't give you the right training in managing money and that she is



A word from Debbie...

HOW is your nylon know-how? A little knowledge will double the life of your garment, keep it looking new. Here are some hints:

- Wash white and lingerie pastels in really hot water, as hot as your hands can stand. Use lukewarm water for washing prints and dark nylons.
- Do not boil. Boiling may set creases into the fabric which are hard to remove.
- Washing-machine washing does not harm nylon.
- Hang all nylon in the shade to dry; the sun turns the fabric yellow.
- Nylon may be cleaned safely with cleaning agents. It is unharmed by carbon tetrachloride, trichlorethylene, petrol, benzene, and alcohols.

to blame for what she thinks is your feckless spending.

Because of this she goes out of her way to make herself unhappy by fighting with you. Remember it does make her unhappy and punishes her when she quarrels with you.

Name-calling is always vile and shocking. But if you think calmly about it, you'll realise that it is something you often do quite cold-bloodedly when you quarrel. You do it because you want to hurt the person you are quarrelling with as badly as you can.

Your mother, because she loves you, knows that calling you names and telling you she would like you out of the house would hurt you. She also proved she didn't mean it when she forbade you to go to your grandmother's.

Your mother is, of course, anxious to be back with the old happy relationship that you had before your quarrel, and she feels she can't take the initial step.

Someone has to take it to make you both happy again; why don't you?

You can make it obvious that you want to make it up. Do the things that please her. Always leave your bedroom spick and span, do the special things she lays store by.

And another thing: I believe that when you earn your own money you should (a) pay board to your parents; (b) spend the remainder on yourself. But I don't think you should ever ask your parents for money.

You can't expect them to buy you the twin-set you need to keep you warm while you listen, shivering, to the record. You have to make up your own mind.

You decided that you would rather have music than clothes. Having made up your mind, don't go round complaining you have nothing to wear.

"I HAVE a problem in regard to hips, but unlike lots of other girls my problem is too-narrow hips. I wondered whether there is such a thing on the market as a 'hip-improver,' or, if not, how would it be possible to increase my hip measurement. My measurements are 36, 27, 29." M.J., Toronto, N.S.W.

The only help I know for such a figure fault is a skilful dressmaker and a careful choice of clothes. The only "hip-improver" I know of is a full skirt or one with padded hips. Either of these would improve the balance of your shape.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

THAT series of records called "Cabaret Night in Paris" has now reached the No. 4 issue, and I think it's the most entertaining of the whole set, although they have all been very good. As usual, they are transfers from 78 r.p.m. standards, most of them in the hard-to-get category, but the dubbing is very well done and they sound even better than the original pressings.

The late Mistinguett's singing of her famous interpretation of "Mon Homme" is now part of theatre history and it is, perhaps, the best track on 330S.1099, while the most recent recording is Edith Piaf's wonderful version of

"La Goulante du Pauvre Jean." By the time this song reached Australia it was "The Poor People of Paris."

Needless to say, the great Piaf's puts all other versions in the shade. No French disc would be complete without something from Charles Trenet or Jean Sablon. Trenet obliges with two ingratiating numbers, "L'ame des Poetes" and "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings," while Sablon has "Dinner For One, Please, James," sung in French.

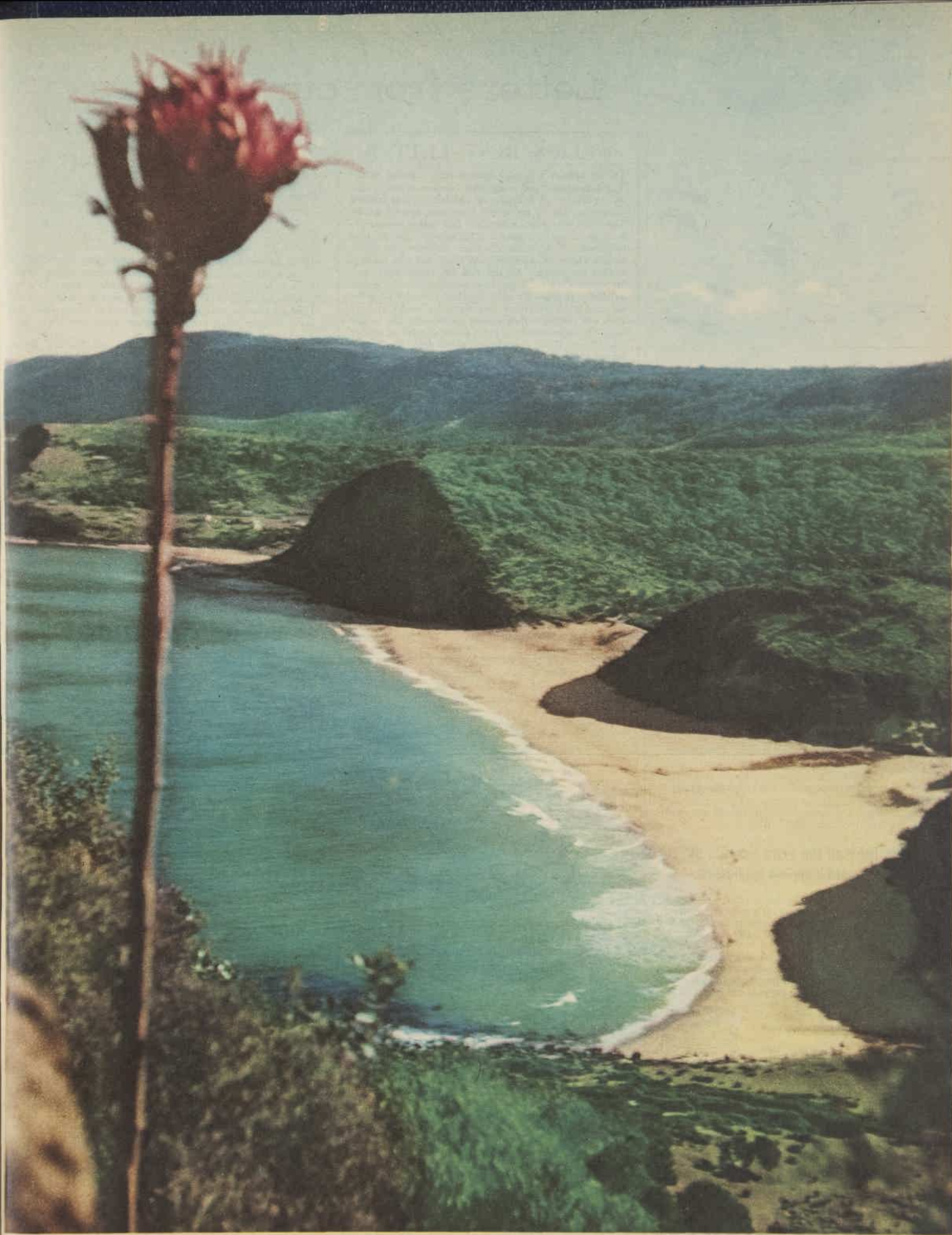
Remember that recent article in this paper on the colored star of the Folies Bergere, Josephine Baker? You have a chance to meet her on

this disc in one of her big successes, "I've Read in the Stars."

Tino Rossi, the man who made "J'attendrai" a world hit, uses his light but always charming voice to full advantage in "C'est a Capri" and that old favorite "Shadow Waltz"; finally there's George Ulmer's "Pigalle." George is the more robust type of nightclub singer, and his voice suggests a personality full of gaiety and verve.

The record is a veritable showcase of talent and represents a valuable cross-section of the Parisian theatre and cabaret world.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN:

SPEAR LILY (*Doryanthes excelsa*), also called the Illawarra Lily, Gynea Lily, or Gigantic Lily, is a striking native plant which grows to a height of 20 feet or more. It flowers in the late winter and early spring, is found mostly on the south coast of New South Wales and the northern side of the Hawkesbury River. This picture was taken south of Sydney looking down on Garie and Era Beaches by Mr. D. W. Friedman, Bankstown, N.S.W. The plant belongs to a family related to the lilies but is not a true lily. The name *Doryanthes* is from the Greek—*dory*, a spear handle, and *anthos*, a flower.



One
chap
tells
another...

How Mummy's new treatment idea DOUBLES THE COMFORT —REALLY HELPS THE COLD!

- 1st Baby: Gosh! What a cold I had last night.
2nd Baby: Really? You look fine today. How come?
1st Baby: My mummy discovered a new way to use Vicks VapoRub—she rubs it on my chest, throat and back as usual... then two hours later she rubs it on again!
2nd Baby: Two treatments with VapoRub... why? One works mighty fast.
1st Baby: That's it, exactly! Mum says why not rub on VapoRub twice for even more comfort and more relief.
2nd Baby: Hm-m-m, that makes sense... did it work?
1st Baby: My word!... in no time my nose cleared up, coughing stopped, my throat and chest pains disappeared... and I slept like a baby.
2nd Baby: Gee, sounds like your mum's got something there... more mothers should try that two-treatment idea.

Gives baby all the extra benefits of 2 times more VapoRub medication

This new way of using your favourite remedy is bound to give your child extra comfort. It's only logical that two treatments with VapoRub provide twice the medication for more complete relief and faster recovery.

But whether you use VapoRub for one treatment, two treatments or more, you'll find it starts pleasant relief from colds the instant you rub it on... and in two ways at once! VapoRub's medicinal vapours are breathed in to clear the nose, soothe the throat and calm coughing. And its warming poultice action draws out chest congestion.

Faster than you can imagine, Vicks VapoRub ends your child's colds. You try it... and see for yourself.

Best for colds of young and old



Look for these symptoms of

WORMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking COMSTOCK'S WORM TABLETS

DO IT YOURSELF. Buy the "Practical Householder," the splendid monthly magazine that tells you how to do all those odd jobs around the home. Price 2/- at all newsagents.

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Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

IN my opinion it is high time to cease listening to the psychologists, and bring some common sense to bear on the subject of bringing up children. Most spirited youngsters like to try to pit their wits against adults. The child who wants something first brings pressure to bear on his parents; later it is his schoolteacher he tries to outwit. If he receives no firm discipline, he thinks he is so clever he can outwit any adult, and tries his luck against the police. All this talk of "frustrations" and "repressions" gives them new weapons to use against authority. It is grossly unfair to children to let them do, say, and have everything they want, for sooner or later they will find that they cannot go through life in this way. The soundest advice given to me as a young mother was, "Never think your child is above doing anything—for no child is."

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. Wade, Kings Cottage, Wyndham Rd., South Pambula, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THE generosity of your readers in responding to my call for magazines and newspapers for the patients of the Vava'u hospital has been much appreciated. Unfortunately, it is impossible to thank personally everyone who has helped us, but I should like to thank them all here, and to assure them that every magazine or paper is read many times and always with a deep sense of gratitude.

Patricia Matheson, Teh Vava'u Hospital Visitors' Board, Vava'u, Tonga.

Road safety and posts

I DISAGREE with Miss R. Munday (22/5/57) who said telegraph and electricity posts contributed largely to the number of deaths on the roads. The poles are only innocent bystanders. I think it would be much nearer the mark to blame those who drive too fast to bring their vehicles under control in an emergency.

10/6 to Mrs. T. F. Brookes, Mt. Jukes, via Kuttabul, Qld.

Unconventional tastes

I WOULD like to support "P.D." (22/5/57) in his claim that one can dress in all manner of ghastly clothes without being a bodgie. I think it is time people realised that bodgieism is not a manner of dress, but a way of life. I am not a bodgie, and detest the clothes worn by "progressive dressers," but after all that is a matter of personal taste. Those with unconventional tastes should not be condemned untried.

10/6 to Kevan Klemm, Passmore, Stanthorpe, Qld.

Family affairs

OFTEN my youngster would eat only a little of her food, refusing the remainder because she wanted to go out and play. Now when she says, "I've had enough," after only picking, I ask, "How old are you?" "Four," she replies. "Then just eat four more spoonfuls." She does this without trouble, and if there is still something left, I ask the ages of her different friends, and in this way most of the meal is finished without further trouble.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Joy Saxby, Pak Plantation, Manus Island, N.G.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS startled to read a remark by an American publisher about a young lady author.

He said: "Put her picture on her book and we won't have to worry about the contents."

This is another example of the modern idea that a pretty girl can sell anything.

That theory is behind the ads that show lovely gardeners in shorts pushing lawnmowers and girls in bathing-suits taking pills.

Years ago they used to advertise things by pictures of old men with beards. Remember all the ziffs on the medicine bottles?

But now the pendulum has swung the other way.

I suppose drug manufacturers think that when I have a pain in the stomach I go into a chemist's and talk like this:

"Could you give me some of the pills that slashing blonde takes on the railway-station posters?"

"You mean Tummo Tablets, sir? I'm afraid we're right out of them. But Gripec Powders are just as good. See the redhead on the

ATTRACTIVE AUTHOR OR GLAMOR AT WORK

placard over there? That's the kind of girl who takes Gripec."

"Mmm. She's not bad. But I don't like her as much as the blonde



who gets quick relief from Tummo. No, thanks, I'll go elsewhere."

It doesn't happen that way at all. I like pictures of beautiful girls. I'd rather look at them than at old men with beards.

Nevertheless, I don't rely on their judgment in the choice of refrigerators, pills, etc.

In some matters their advice is dangerous.

Recently my wife came across a sponge-cake recipe in a newspaper. It was supplied by a glamorous cookery demonstrator. Her photograph, in a strapless gown, appeared beside it.

My wife made the sponge cake, and it was terrible. It sagged like a groggy boxer.

"I was a fool to try it," she said bitterly. "You can never trust a recipe from a pretty girl."

That is why people have so much respect for a good plain cook.

It's the same with books.

Most good books are written by men and women of battered appearance.

Look at old Somerset Maugham. He's got a face like a tired monkey. But he's easy to read.

On the other hand, one of the worst books I've ever read was the autobiography of lovely Eva Gabor.

When that American publisher brings out the luscious author's book with her picture on the cover, I'll be satisfied to look at the cover.

THE RED HOT ROBBER

At last he had what he wanted, his ideal girl and money to spare.

WHILE waiting for breakfast to be served, Raymond Dowling picked up his newspaper and saw that one of the four masked bandits responsible for the £80,000 mail-van robbery had been arrested at the races.

He no longer felt hungry. In the leather suitcase that never left his side was his £20,000 share of a coup that had been a classic. No violence, no horrible heart-stopping moments. Within an hour the spoils had been split and the raiders had parted.

Now No. 4 had laid a paper trail of pound notes that would put him where he wouldn't see a racehorse for the next ten years. The notes were consecutive and red hot . . .

A hand fell on Raymond's shoulder.

"What's wrong with the had-dock, Mr. Dowling?" his landlady asked. "Would you prefer an egg?"

He mumbled something about indigestion, grabbed his suitcase, and went out, damp with sweat. This wouldn't do! If he kept his nerve there was nothing to be scared of and everything to look forward to. He was rich! While still in his twenties he had made his first and last coup.

The whole idea had been his. Before the moment of inspiration he had been doing quite well selling insurance, but not well enough. He had wanted all the fun money could buy. Wine, women, and song.

But, now he had the money, he wasn't so sure about the fun. He preferred a glass of beer to wine, had no ear for music, and, as for women, he couldn't think of them in the plural after meeting Maisie.

She was as sweet and glowing as brown honey, with wide, innocent eyes and a husky little laugh. If she found out that he was a crook, that she and the tobacco shop she ran for him were part of his plan to cool down hot money, it would all be over.

And losing Maisie would hurt more than losing the £20,000, so he must be clever and keep both.

He crossed the street to the tobacconist's by the Tube station. Buying it on mortgage out of his savings had been part of his inspiration, but that Maisie should go with the goodwill was sheer luck.

They had fallen in love at sight. From that moment he had wanted to wrap her in mink and load her with diamonds. Soon he would be able to do that, but in the meantime Maisie was doing most of the giving. She was generous with everything . . . love, money, laughter.

She was watching through the window for him, her fair hair caught up in an absurd tail that made her look about sixteen. She dimpled and waved, and her warm kisses helped him to forget No. 4's fate.

"I can't stay, Maisie—I'm breaking new territory today." She thought he was a traveller, carrying

samples in his case. "See you at about seven, sweetie."

She pouted adorably. "Darling, have you forgotten it's your birthday? Many, many happy returns of the day, and—here's your present!"

From under the counter she took a long, thin package and watched, bright-eyed, while he peeled off the wrappings. It was a silk umbrella, sleekly rolled, with a silver band and a silken tassel.

"For goodness sake, don't open it if it rains," she said anxiously. "It's a real beauty."

"Maisie, dear, it's just what I wanted, but you shouldn't—"

Out of the small wage he paid her she showered him with love tokens—socks and ties, silver pencil and lighter, braces and cuff-links. And now the perfect umbrella!

He hung it on his arm and glanced at himself in the strip mirror, seeing a neat, intelligent young man who should go far.

Then he remembered he was a crook and, although he left Maisie with another kiss and a debonair twirl of the umbrella, he would have given his fortune to be the honest, hard-working commercial traveller she thought he was.

Robbery had put him in possession of 20,000 slips of printed paper, any one of which could send him to gaol for years. His problem was to get rid of them with the minimum risk.

It was all mapped out. He took the Tube to the North London suburb where he was to begin money changing.

There was no short-cut to safety. Every note would have to be changed separately, and more than eight months would pass before he was in the clear.

Tobacconists were his target. They abounded; they had steady streams of men customers. He had acquired a shop of his own so that the cigarettes he bought from others could be put into stock. His capital

The sergeant produced a sheet of brown paper. "Sorry, sir, but you'll have to make a parcel of your things," he said. "We'll get you some string for it."

would remain intact. Covering the suburb systematically was harder work than he had ever done before. Every pound note he handed over the counters seemed to burn his fingertips.

By midday his trouser pockets were full of silver, his hip pocket bulged with ten-shilling notes, and there were forty packets of ten in the slit pockets of his raincoat.

He lunched at a pub, where he went to the lavatory and refilled his wallet with more notes from the suitcase. Afterwards he had a beer at the bar.

"I see they've got another of those mail-van bandits," the barman said chattily. "Picked him up at a night-club standing treat to a crowd of girls you wouldn't take home to mother."

Raymond choked over his glass

of beer. That would be No. 3, who couldn't leave the girls alone. Trust No. 3 to make a splash with his money!

"Reckon they'll soon get the others," the barman said, and Raymond left in a hurry.

He felt sick with fear and anger. No. 3 and No. 4 had wanted big money, and when they had it they couldn't throw it away fast enough.

But No. 2 was no fool. He would be sitting tight, counting the notes again and again until they became greasy and crumpled and easy to spread. He wouldn't be caught. Nor would No. 1, the brains behind the coup.

All the same, the barman had given him a nasty jolt. Another eight months of this and he would

To page 34



An intriguing short story . . . by BRETON AMIS

... completely
feminine

Cherish yourself with this
delightful Goya collection.
A completely feminine
fragrance that
becomes you.



Perfumed Talc 5/9
Cologne Stick 7/9
Skin Perfume PERSONAL SIZE 6/6
LARGE SIZE 15/9

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Ask for Curlon, spelt C-U-R-L-O-N, in glorious new styles and colours

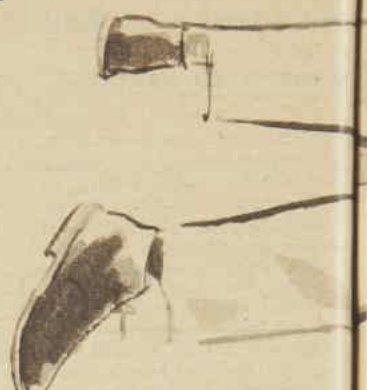
Created by **FINLAW MILLS** of Melbourne

Fourth instalment of our romantic serial

Bridal Array

By **ELIZABETH CADELL**

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP



SEBASTIAN PAGE and **JOSS ARMSTRONG**, stranded in Paris during a railway strike, find themselves the unexpected guests of the eccentric **COMTESSE DE CHANDILLOT** at her chateau. A few hours after they reach the chateau there is another arrival, heiress **JESSICA DE VRAIS**, who has eloped from her home in Jersey to marry **HUBERT**, nephew of the Comtesse. She has run away from Hubert because she discovers he bought a car with the money the Comtesse gave him to buy a valuable screen. She has followed Sebastian and Joss from St. Malo because they accidentally took her suitcase containing her wedding frock and jewellery. She intended to sell the latter if her marriage with Hubert did not eventuate.

FRANCINE, a pretty girl aunt to six-year-old **MAURICE**, who travelled with Joss from Jersey, arrives at the chateau to collect Maurice. She lives at a house, **Marielle**, nearby with her father, **MONSIEUR D'ARNAUD**. It is soon seen there is no love lost between the inhabitants of Marielle and the chateau. Francine invites Jessica to be her guest, and the next day, when Jessica walks to the chateau to ask Joss and Sebastian to come for lunch, she is accosted by a bearded character, who turns out to be Hubert in disguise. He begs her to get hold of the keys of the garage where the Comtesse has locked the green car. She refuses, and advises him not to let the Comtesse see him around. Then she and Sebastian and Joss return to Marielle for the first of many pleasant meals in the old garden. **NOW READ ON:**

FROM the moment of sitting down to the open-air lunch in the garden of Marielle, Joss and Sebastian understood that their holiday was to run, after all, along very agreeable lines. The change from the chateau to the low, rambling pink house was a removal from cheerlessness to comfort, from the sombre to the sunlit. On the previous night at the chateau they had slept in the huge rooms whose shadows seemed to harbor the long-dead denizens of Chandillot—that, said Sebastian, might have had an appeal for the more imaginative Joss, but, for himself, he would rather have been camping in the middle of Salisbury Plain.

Joss made no comment on the unaccustomed procedure of going to bed by candlelight, but, like Sebastian, he felt that there were other things he would have enjoyed more. The late Comte de Chandillot had more than once peered at him from the other side of the wavering candle, and a gentleman with long curls had appeared from behind a particularly good piece of furniture; he could only suppose him to be Louis Quinze.

"It was my idea to stay on and persuade the Comtesse to furnish us a couple of rooms," admitted Sebastian, "but it was one of my rare slip-ups in judgment and if it hadn't been for Francine the days would have been as gloomy as the nights. God bless Francine."

He and Joss observed, as Jessica had done, that their presence did not disturb the serene routine of the household. They caused no stir and no disorder. Celine gave them a wide, friendly grin. Francine made them welcome and went on with her work; Monsieur d'Arnaud expressed his pleasure at seeing them, and retired to the sitting-room, where the greater part of his days was passed. He seemed to enjoy, in his withdrawn way, the addition of the two men to the company at Marielle. He walked out at dusk to the dinner table set on the terrace near his room, and took his place at the head, bowing to the others as they waited for him, motioning them to their places and bending his head to murmur a Grace.

Joss, taking his seat at the candlelit board, thought of his own dinners in Jersey, which he ate from a tray balanced on the window-sill of his sitting-room. He looked round at this widely contrasted scene and found delight stirring in him. He watched the faces of Francine and Jessica, always lovely but infinitely more lovely in the dancing candlelight, with the velvet hangings of the night behind them. He enjoyed as in a dream the leisurely pace of the meal, the perfection of the food, the orchestra of voices: Sebastian's deep tones, Monsieur d'Arnaud's light ones; Francine's low and calm, Jessica's swift and staccato.

He listened to Monsieur d'Arnaud's brief, occasional, in-

formed comment, saying little himself, for he was lost in appreciation of the scene and perhaps even more of the food. Only when the name of the Comtesse came up did he address a direct question to his host.

"Why does she live as she does—so shabbily?" he asked. "The Comtesse?" Monsieur d'Arnaud's long white hands seemed to hold the question while he deliberated his reply. "Who knows? She does not give reasons for what she does. She is an eccentric."

"She told us"—Joss, whose French stopped some way short of fluency, paused to gather the words together—"she told us that the Comte had spent all her money on the chateau."

"That is only half-true. He spent some of it, perhaps, but not all. She is not the woman," said Monsieur d'Arnaud, with his faint, sardonic smile, "to stand aside and let herself be totally impoverished."

"How long," asked Sebastian, "has she lived like that—in one room?"

"It has been a gradual change. While her husband lived there was of course order, dignity; there were servants and a certain amount of comfort, even of style. But this cost a great deal of money, and at his death she was not prepared to pay any more for the upkeep of a place that she had never liked. Year by year, things changed; fewer servants, more empty rooms, a greater attention to expenditure. She does not understand, I think, how far she has fallen from the old dignity. Or perhaps she does not care. Money: this has become her life. How to gain, how to save, how to amass money."

"But her nephew said—" began Jessica, and then paused as Monsieur d'Arnaud's dark eyes came to rest on her. He seemed to be weighing her words against what his niece had told him of the affair between Hubert and herself.

"Ah, her nephew!" he said at last, and there was a smile behind his eyes. "You are interested in what he says, Mademoiselle?"

"He told me a lot about his aunt."

"What he says, in all probability, Mademoiselle, would be only half the truth. They are very different, those two, but in some ways you find that they are alike."

"What is the truth?" asked Sebastian.

"The truth? You would say, what are the facts?" asked Monsieur in turn. "The facts are that the chateau became, in the minds of those who owned it, a symbol. It represented a grandeur, a way of life which they could not bring themselves to give up. That is one fact. Then there is the fact that for years, for perhaps half a century, money has been poured out in the attempt to run, to repair, or to restore the chateau."



"The Comtesse—the one of whom we speak—could do nothing to control the expenditure while her husband was alive, and so since his death she has perhaps been making up for lost time. I can remember her when she came first to Lysaine. She was, you would not believe it, very handsome."

There was silence; polite, but of complete disbelief. Monsieur d'Arnaud shrugged and continued.

"She tried to persuade the Comte that they should try to gather money instead of spending it; she proposed that they should buy and sell fine furniture. But the Comte, having bought a fine piece, could not be persuaded to part with it. So at last the Comtesse began to buy for herself, and that is why, when he died, he could not leave any furniture to his nephew—because the Comtesse owned it all. So Hubert Ramage inherited the chateau and nothing but the chateau, and even that he cannot have, because the Comtesse has turned him out."

"And that is wrong," came firmly and unexpectedly from Francine.

"Wrong? Right? How can you judge?" asked her father. "She should have done something with him."

"She should have attempted it, perhaps."

"Then, yes; she should have attempted it."

"Why?" asked Sebastian. "She educated him; why shouldn't he be able to earn a living just like anybody else?"

"Like you, for example?" asked Joss with a grin.

"That's beside the point. We're talking about Hubert, and it seems to be that all he's after is money without the bore of earning it. In that, at least, I'm on the Comtesse's side."

"And I am on Hubert's," said Francine. "He grew up with her and for all those years she despised him and made no secret of it. She expected him always to be weak, and so he became weak. And having made him weak, she should not have given him so much money to buy the screen."

"That is true," said her father.

"And I am glad that she did not get it," ended Francine.

"There is a sale next week at La Rochelle," said Monsieur d'Arnaud. "I think that you will find the Comtesse there."

"She'll probably ask us to drive her there," said Sebastian.

"Then I would do so," advised Monsieur d'Arnaud. "You will find it interesting. The sale will be held at the house of

"Lovely, yes, simply lovely," Sebastian said, repeating Jessica's words, but gazing at the two girls rather than at the beauty surrounding them.

the Marquis de Moelle; the house is beautiful and in it there are many lovely things. You should go. And now, if you will excuse me—"

He rose and gave a stiff little bow and walked into the house. The others were left in the light of the candles. Celine poured more wine into the two men's glasses; they looked across the table at the two girls and the Comtesse and her affairs were forgotten.

"It's a wonderful night," said Sebastian. "Francine, what do you do on lovely moonlight nights?"

"The same as I do on other nights," said Francine in her tranquil way. "I sew, I read, I mend. I play cards with my father. I write letters."

"Do you ever leave Cloisy?" asked Joss.

"Sometimes. My father and I go to visit our relations."

Joss looked at her. She looked milk-white in the candle-light; her hair shone. Jessica seemed all shadow, this girl all light. A lovely pair, he mused, and knew that Sebastian was thinking the same.

"Let's walk," said Sebastian suddenly. "It's only a three-quarter moon, but it'll look nice on the river. Coming?"

He held out a hand to Jessica, who was beside him. She rose, and the two walked slowly through the garden and out into the lane. Joss followed with Francine; they strolled easily and did not bother to catch up with the others. Joss found nothing to say, but he was aware that — unlike other occasions when he had been alone with an attractive

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JUST OFFERED
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Short story complete on this page — of a meeting that blossomed into romance . . .

ONCE UPON A PULLMAN

By FLORENCE JANE SOMAN

WHEN the train left the station William Fowler, twenty-two years old and very nice-looking, had no idea that the novel on his lap was going to be tied up with the dark, pretty girl sitting in the Pullman chair opposite him. In fact, once he saw the girl he couldn't concentrate on fiction.

After ten minutes he looked up from the book, which seemed to be about the loves of a handsome Air Force pilot, and saw that the girl was gazing out the window. Say something, he told himself. But he couldn't think of anything.

The girl turned her head and met his eyes. She smiled. William was so taken aback that he blurted out: "My name is William Fowler."

"Hi," she said. "I'm Emmy Smith."

William tried to make his voice deep and easy. "Looks as though we have a long trip ahead of us."

Oh, brilliant, brilliant; he was hitting her right between the eyes.

"I guess we have." She hesitated.

"Are you angry about something?"

"Oh, no." The color rose in William's face, and he smiled sheepishly.

"The truth is I'm trying to think of something brilliant to say."

He swallowed. "For some reason, all my brain cells seem to have gone into a deep freeze."

She nodded understandingly. "A train ride can lull the mind."

Her face became a little dreamy. "I always wonder who's going to be sitting next to me on a train. I play games like that."

"Really?" William said. "What kind of games?"

"Well," she said, "I look around me at all the men and I ask myself, 'If I had to be cast on a desert island with one of them, which one would it be?'"

Her eyes grew pensive. "Sometimes they all look terrible and I know I've got to pick one; it almost makes me sick."

William grinned. "You could always ask for a transfer."

They began to talk. They talked for a long time. Everything around William seemed to blur; there was only the girl's pretty face before him, her rather breathless voice, the faint, light perfume she wore. It was with a sense of shock that he saw the porter begin to make up the berths around them. And now Emmy rose, smiling. "It's late. Our voices may be keeping people up. I'll see you in the morning."

Later, in his berth, William suddenly realised that he could have invited her into the club-car for a soft drink. He almost groaned, and then his face grew grim. She wouldn't have gone, anyway, he thought. What was the use of kidding himself? He was a slow mover; he had no line. He hadn't made any impression on her at all.

He slept fitfully and awoke very early. He reached for his book and began to read. After ten minutes

he was sitting up straight. Because the hero of the book, Captain Peter Baines, was one of those singularly gifted young men who cracked feminine hearts like peanut shells. What an approach the man had, what a line! And it was all written down, like a clearly written recipe for a never-fail cake.

He read for two hours, then dressed hurriedly. In the passageway outside he met Emmy. His mouth went dry but he smiled with what he hoped was lazy charm. "Hi, beautiful," he said.

"Hi." She looked surprised.

Over the breakfast table he gave her a long, deep look. "Do your eyes bother you?" he said. In the book, the girl had answered, "No, why?" and Peter Baines had said in a throbbing voice: "They bother me."

But Emmy looked alarmed. "Do they look bad?" she said. "They've been burning a little lately, and I meant to go to the eye doctor—"

"No, no," William said hastily.

"They look fine." He was a little discouraged, but he leaned towards her. "It's a miserable day," he said with intensity, "but you seem to carry your own sunlight around with you."

She flushed a little. "Thank you," she said. "I wonder how the griddle-cakes are."

All that morning William laughed, talked, and let Captain Baines' witticisms drop carelessly. Finally, as he waited with Emmy in the choked passageway while the train rumbled into Grand Central, he said, "Is anyone meeting you?" She was spending the winter with an aunt.

"No," she said. "My aunt couldn't make it. I'll just grab a taxi."

He raised one eyebrow. "Just fasten your seat-belt and let me take care of the landing."

Her eyes met his steadily. "You sound very experienced."

"Well—let's just say that I've been around," he said.

"Do you go out with a lot of girls?"

He gave a light laugh. "Only one at a time. I like to live for the moment and let the years take care of themselves." It was a line from the book.

The train stopped. They got off, walked up the ramp, and were suddenly engulfed in the milling confusion of the vast station. "When am I going to see you?" he said. A group of little boys ran between them.

He turned his head towards her and stopped dead. She wasn't there. Startled, he looked around him. The seconds ticked away. He did not move. Then he walked abruptly one way and came back.

He felt a numbness as people milled around him. Her name was Emily Smith. She lived with an



William caught sight of her at last, and hurried through the crowd. "Emmy," he said, "I've been looking everywhere for you."

aunt whose name he did not know. If he didn't find her now he would never see her again.

He went back to the train gate, then to the baggage platform. She wasn't there. He turned away, his spirits dropping to some low, sorrowful place. He was astonished that he could feel this way about a girl he had known for only a few hours.

His head turned. His heart gave a great lurch. "Emmy," he said. She was standing only a few feet away, looking at him. He walked over to her, hardly feeling his legs beneath him. "I've been looking all over for you."

"I know," she said. "I followed you. We weren't separated; I just disappeared. I wanted to see what you'd do. You see, you were two such different people last night and this morning; I had to find out which one you were."

"I see," William said, dazed. But he didn't see.

She shook her head. "You were so nice last night. I—I liked you. But this morning you sounded like someone who changed girls with his shirts. You sounded as if one meant about as much as another. That's why I followed you. If you had just looked around you for a few seconds after I was gone and shrugged and walked away, well—"

She smiled. "That would have been that, for both of us." There was a silence. "But you didn't."

"No," he swallowed. "I didn't."

Emmy sighed. "Why did you act so funny this morning?"

William hesitated. "I read a book." The color rose higher in his face. It sounded so foolish. "About an Air Force captain."

She smiled understandingly. "Well, forget him. Most girls hate that ready-mix charm, anyway." She

drew in her breath. "What does your family call you?"

He hesitated. He wanted to say "Bill" because it sounded so masculine. Or at least "Will." But, after a short inner struggle, he swallowed. "Willie," he said.

She said very softly, "Willie."

It sounded so beautiful the way she said it that for a moment William couldn't speak. Then he said: "Don't disappear again." He had a choked feeling in his chest.

"I won't." She was smiling.

They began to walk on together. William saw a rubbish-bin and dropped the book in it. Something in him swelled suddenly with wonder and pride. Because, when you got right down to it, it was an established fact, wasn't it? It was right there in big, block letters spelled out by a beautiful girl.

What Captain Peter Baines couldn't get, Willie Fowler could.

(Copyright)

Signpost for

THE alarm clock went off with a shattering clang and Sally Anne Deane crossed to the table and switched it off. She poked her sleeping room-mate in the back.

"Surface," she ordered, "and when you do wake don't panic at what you see."

Betsy grunted, opened her eyes reluctantly, then sat up with a jerk. What she saw woke her with the impact of a cold shower.

Sally Anne was standing in front of the mirror pulling a comb through her short blond hair. She wore a brief yellow swimsuit and had her cap and towel laid out on the bed. Betsy glanced at her own woollen pyjamas, then, in some agitation, counted the four thick blankets on her bed. She had either slept for a season or it was the middle of winter.

"Sally," she croaked, fighting down panic. "Let's take this thing quietly . . . but one of us is crazy!"

"Uh-huh," said Sally, smoothly applying lipstick. Betsy flicked the wireless switch with an unsteady hand.

" . . . snow on the Alps," the announcer chanted gloomily. "A cold day is forecast for the city area."

"Hear that?" Betsy demanded. "Or are you past hearing?"

"I heard," Sally said, "and I'm not letting a little thing like the winter season stand in my way."

Betsy narrowed her eyes. "What's got into you? When I went to sleep last night you seemed normal . . . you were reading a book. Now you are raving about something getting in your way. Get back into your pyjamas and stay in bed . . ."

"Certainly not!" Sally's dark eyes flashed. "I have faced facts. The chances of an average girl getting married in this city are so slight as to be non-existent."

"Who said you are average?" Betsy demanded. "Every time that boy on the newsstand sees you he drops all his change."

Sally gave her friend a scathing look. "As I was saying," she went on patiently. "The only thing left is a business career. That is my field and I intend to get to the top."

"Excelsior!" said Betsy bleakly.

"With the help of the book I know exactly what I have to do."

"Mm . . ." said Betsy, "and that is?"

"To get Miss Smithers' job I have to be more like her. Naturally Mr. Blair admires her very much. She has been his private secretary for years. As you know, she is retiring in three weeks' time, and I want to step into her shoes the minute she steps out."

"Bearing in mind, of course, that Miss Smithers takes a 7C," said Betsy caustically. "Really, Sal, you are the only member of the Blair staff who doesn't sport golf shoes and bulging muscles . . ."

"Exactly," Sally spun round, her face alight with excitement. "There you have it. I must be more athletic, and swimming is the quickest way. It's all so simple after reading 'The Highway to Success'."

"Who wrote it—Mr. Blair?" Betsy wanted to know.

"No, of course not," Sally smiled. "I picked it up on the way home last night. I have applied it to my case . . . and here I am." She reached for her towel and started towards the door.

"Take the book with you," Betsy yelled. "I don't want to be left alone with it. Who knows? It could affect my mind, too."

Sally shook back her hair and tucked the offending volume into her pocket.

"I want the job, Betsy . . . don't you see? With Miss Smithers' salary I can do all sorts of things . . . travel even."

"You'll travel all right," Betsy predicted

darkly. "All the way to hospital in a fast-moving vehicle."

There were five people in the surf when Sally Anne arrived. Five well-covered people who were no doubt impervious to cold. She stood slim and doubtful on the edge and stirred the water with her toe.

"Six," she marvelled, counting a dark male head that came in swiftly on a wave and rose out of the foam at her feet.

Sally watched while he straightened up to a good height and shook the water out of his hair. He was a dream of a young man for anyone dreaming along those lines. Sally definitely was not.

He glanced at her, blinked, and looked again. "Dive in!" he ordered in a voice that rang with authority.

"I c-can't dive," said Sally, hating his tanned shoulders and the fact that he didn't shiver.

"Then flop," he suggested, his grey eyes warming with amusement. "Anything . . . but get it over quickly."

Sally flopped as much to end the conversation as to enter the water. When she surfaced she noted thankfully that he had gone.

The words of the book flashed on in her mind . . . "The first steps on the road to success may even be painful, but persevere." She carried out these instructions for what seemed a long time indeed. Then thankfully she left the water and ran up the beach for the shelter of her coat. Her dash ended suddenly and her hands flew to her face in surprise.

The young man who had forced her into the water was sitting on the sand beside her things. The sun shone on his wet shoulders and his bent dark head. He was engrossed in a book. Her book!

"Move aside," he ordered without looking up. "You're blocking my sunlight."

"You can't have everything," Sally said reasonably. "You are already reading my book."

He put his finger on the place and glanced up. "Ah . . . the reluctant water nymph. How did you find the surf?"

Before she had time to answer, he went on chattily, "Very good stuff this. Well set out." He reached aside and handed up her towel.

"I'm g-glad you l-like it," Sally answered distantly.

He peered at her, squinting against the sun. "Are you always that color?" he inquired with interest.

"W-what color?"

"Pale blue."

A violent shudder shook her slight frame.

"Why, I believe you are freezing to death!" he said. He sprang up, grabbed the towel from her, and wielded it across her back with mighty effect.

Sally struggled to keep her foothold and her poise. She didn't want to give him the satisfaction of knowing she was unnerved by a complete stranger towelling her back.

Finally he hung the towel on her shoulder as if she were any old clothes-horse and grinned at her. "Are you freezing with cold or disapproval?"

"Both," said Sally, feeling stronger with the return of her circulation. "Do you usually read other people's books without asking?"

"No. But if you leave a book like 'The Highway to Success' lying face up on the sand . . . what do you expect? Everyone wants to succeed . . . in one field or another."

"What is your particular field?" Sally inquired, hoping to embarrass him.

"I plan to marry money," he said, unperturbed. "In this day and age it is the only thing to do."

Sally's mouth opened. "You are quite unscrupulous . . . anyone with half an eye can see that."

"You're going that funny color again," he told her. "Run round the beach and back . . . at the double. It will give me time to finish the chapter."

"No," said Sally flatly, "and I wish you wouldn't issue orders. I know perfectly well what I want to do."

He looked at her with a slow smile. "I'm quite sure of it. You are going about this Blair campaign with a thoroughness that amazes me."

Sally's cheeks flamed with horror. "Not content with reading my book . . . you've read my notes at the back."

"Well, the book opened there," he said reasonably. "Before I knew it I was absorbed. Frankly I would say you were not the athletic type. You look more like mink and orchids to me. Why don't you settle for trapping a rich husband?"

"Stop it," said Sally, aghast.

"Now I may be wrong," he said casually, "but the way I see it is this. Mr. Blair is your boss. His private secretary, one Smithers, retires in three weeks' time and you want the job?"

"Yes," said Sally, unable to resist the lure

of a sympathetic ear. "My friend Betsy Hughes thinks I am nuts."

"Average reaction," he said. "Pay no attention to it. Most ambitious people are considered nuts."

"Are they really?" said Sally, warming to the subject.

"Definitely," he assured her. "Now to be plucked from the typing pool and turned loose in the sea of Mr. Blair's office you must lose your feminine, fragile look. In fact . . . your looks. You must be tough and athletic. Why?"

"Because Mr. Blair likes athletic-type people," Sally said promptly. "He is a great out-of-doors man himself, and sport-conscious people don't sneeze and spread germs and impair office efficiency."

"You don't say. And do you sneeze and spread germs, Miss Deane?"

"No, I don't. I'm really very healthy,

"Sometimes, Mac, I don't understand you," Sally said quietly.



Sally

A gay romantic story

by Australian author

AUDREY BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

but I..." Her voice faltered. "How did you know my name?"

"Front of the book," he said briefly. "Now assuming you have reached this unattractive state we mentioned, there are two obstacles still in your way. You have listed them 'Gibb and Lunt.' Are they diseases or somebody else who might get the job?"

Sally tried to keep her mouth shut, but it wobbled into laughter and she hastened to explain. "Miss Gibb is an A-grade tennis player and Miss Lunt is a wicked hand with a ping-pong bat."

He nodded. "So the accent is on muscles. Frankly I would say your Mr. Blair was raised in a humidicrib. He has never adjusted himself to this germ-laden world."

"I can't have you making fun of Mr. Blair," Sally said stoutly. "He is a wonderful man and an inspiration to everybody who meets him. You just don't understand..."

"I do," he assured her. "More every minute. Mr. Blair is something of a hero to you. I wish I had such devotion from my staff..."

"My tram," Sally wailed. "It's halfway up the hill. I quite forgot the time."

"Never fear, I shall drive you home... come along," he ordered in a masterful way.

Sally crossed the sand beside him. "I should wait for the next tram," she began doubtfully.

"And be late for work? What a bad start. Mr. Blair will be noticing these little things."

He was right, of course. Mr. Blair was also a stickler for punctuality.

"You are quite safe with me," the young man remarked, opening the door of a shining new convertible and ushering her into the seat. "Fathers all over this city entrust their debutante daughters to my tender care."

Sally looked at the glittering dashboard spread out in front of her. What he said had the ring of truth.

"The Elms Apartments, isn't it?" he asked.

"Thank you," said Sally. "You really missed nothing in the book. Are you a detective?"

He threw back his head and laughed. "No,

an architect. Elliot Bros. I am the younger brother, Malcom. You can call me Mac."

"Very well," said Sally dubiously. She failed to see that she required to call him anything. The drive to the Elms Apartments should only take 15 minutes by car. As if reading her thoughts he glanced at her briefly.

"You have fired my imagination," he admitted. "I am going to help you."

"Help me?" Sally quavered.

"Yes. Help you. I foster ambition whenever I come across it. A sort of duty to society. You can benefit by my experience."

"I can?" said Sally, struggling to keep up with this new trend in the conversation.

"You remember what the book says? Second

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Guess which is mummy?



"Look Alikes" by Bond's. SSW to W in Royal Blue with White, Green with White, Shocking Pink with White, 39/11.

"Look Alikes" for daughters. Royal Blue with White, Green with White, Shocking Pink with White, 3 to 7, 25/11. 9 to 13, 29/11.

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BOND'S

KNITTERS!

The Australian Women's Weekly Knitting Book, on sale at all newsagents, contains instructions for 43 designs in men's, women's and children's knitwear. It's a bargain at 2/..

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys, not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world — get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

A BRIGHT new deal in classroom wall decorations has been given the children of East Gordon Primary School, due to the interest of Sydney artist Mrs. A. L. Wilkinson (formerly Joan Morrison, cartoonist of "Smith's Weekly").

Mrs. Wilkinson has two children, David, 12, and Anna, 9, a pupil at the school.

Last year, when the N.S.W. Education Department built two modern classrooms for the 36 primary pupils, the Gordon Parents and Citizens' Association suggested buying pictures for the walls.

Mrs. Wilkinson offered to paint murals depicting geographical, historical, and aboriginal scenes round the classrooms.

On one side she painted a series of children of all countries; on the other a series dealing with periods of history, starting with the Vikings; and, on the far wall, aboriginal children and Australian animals.

"When I was painting the Viking warriors," she told us, "one little girl asked whether Vikings were as strong as Tarzan. I said I didn't know for sure, but that they were very fierce."

"She told me Tarzan would be stronger, because he was a 'goodie'."

"The children have been so pleased that I've agreed to paint some in the kindergarten rooms, too."

"I'm going to illustrate Enid Blyton's 'The Faraway Tree' in one room and Kingsley's 'The Water Babies' in another."

This isn't the first time Mrs. Wilkinson has painted murals. During the war, when her husband was stationed at Bairnsdale, Victoria, she did some cartoon murals for the officers' mess, at the request of the C.O.

She also decorated some of the wards at Bairnsdale Children's Hospital with nursery-rhyme characters, and, of course, she has painted several murals in her own home at Gordon.

Worth Reporting

He admits he's "stone mad"

THERE'S been a "stone-age revival" in Australia during the past five years, according to sandstone expert Mr. Henry G. Parry, of Gosford, N.S.W.

"People are really becoming stone-conscious now," said Mr. Parry, who has been in the stone business for 30 years.

"They're using it in houses and for paths and fences, and business organisations are recognising its beauty for facing their premises or for an inner wall."

He claims that Australia has the best sandstone deposits in the world, with the finest texture and best variety of colors.

Sandstone, according to Mr. Parry, is the only building material for which the price is dropping. But to build a house completely of sandstone would still cost from 25 per cent. to 50 per cent. more than brick.

"The art of laying smooth sandstone facades was practically a lost art, but because of reviving interest it's coming back again," he said.

"We're even treating it with silicone now to make it impervious to wear and weather."

"Of course," he added, smiling, "I'm stone mad. My wife says she should be Mrs. Stone, not Mrs. Parry."

THIS amusing request appears on the screen of the local picture theatre in a north-west New South Wales town.

NOTICE

Bottles of drink and tins of meat

Not to be brought into this theatre.

Up Surfers' Paradise way, a theatre is just as toe conscious, for patrons are advised not to enter without shoes.



SMOKING shouldn't become a habit, says Charles W. Hamilton, of Washington, U.S.A. On his 107th birthday he announced he had given it up. He started when he was seven, and believes 100 years of smoking is enough.

Hard path to concert career

TRAINING hard for a career as a concert artist is Polish-born Christopher Zakrzewski, who told us: "Pronounce the name Zac, as in sixpence, Chef, Ski."

Since migrating to Australia in 1949, Mr. Z., now aged 23, has worked as a wood machinist, builder's laborer, farm-hand, glazier, railway employee, and the salesman.

"The family line of my father dates back to the early 11th century," he said, "when members were descendants of Visigothic overlords, who saw the beginnings of Poland."

Also of noble birth on his mother's side, Christopher Zakrzewski, together with his brother, is heir to the titles and castles of Zucco and Cuccagna, in northern Italy.

Born on the family estate near Poznan, Christopher left Poland at the age of 12. His singing voice was first overheard in a Displaced Persons' camp. Since his arrival here he has made recordings as well as concert appearances.

Ballet success at "sweet 16"

SIXTEEN - YEAR - OLD

Marilyn Jones, of Newcastle, winner of the 1955 Australian Women's Weekly Ballet Scholarship, now studying in England, has already appeared at Covent Garden.

A recent letter to a friend at home told of being a peasant girl in the Covent Garden presentation of "Petrouchka."

Marilyn, who has been studying ballet since she was four, said she and five other girls had their feet photographed recently for a ballet book.

"I have just been put up into the highest class at the Sadler's Wells ballet school," she added, "and I was very lucky to be picked as an 'extra' for the No. 1 company. At present seven other girls and myself are understudying in 'Swan Lake.'"

A guide for money-making

THIRTY different ways of making money are suggested on an attractive little poster being distributed by the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children.

The society is organising a special winter drive to raise money to take care of the 3000 children they have registered for treatment and care.

The suggestions include a television tea, a come-as-you-are party, a masked ball, a back-to-childhood dance, a mystery hike, a jazz evening, a barbecue, and a sports carnival.

Anyone who can help the drive is asked to contact Mrs. Phyllis Burke at the New South Wales Society for Crippled Children, 136 Chalmers St., Sydney (phone MX4392).

HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, including THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Enter "the ghost" by firelight

● Winner of the first prize of £20 in our contest this week is Mrs. Lucas, 46 Mines Rd., Norseman, W.A.

HERE is Mrs. Lucas' winning entry:

One night when things were looking grim during World War II we were sitting in the fire glow thinking about those we knew "over there."

Suddenly we were startled by a soft whirring noise and all looked round together. Through the doorway came a multicolored ball as big as an entire plate.

It jumped on to a chair, then on to the table, back to the floor, and heavens above, on to my knee. I panicked and the other women present screamed. One of the men switched on the lights and caught the "thing" as it was about to leap into the fire.

On examination this eerie contraption proved to be a huge aeroplane beetle, as we called them, that had got into

STRANGE but TRUE

a basket of wool ends which we used for knitting squares. In its struggle for freedom the creature had wound the wool round its long, serrated legs and had put on a proper "ghost show" for us all.

Prizes of £5 each were awarded the following:

Stumped

COMING home across a paddock after working late one dark winter's night, my husband decided to run the last quarter of a mile to warm up.

Approaching a darker blob in the blackness, he thought it was a stump and set himself to jump over it.

When he was half way over it, the "stump" got to its feet and careered around the paddock with my husband, faced wrong way round, desperately clinging to it until the cow—as it proved to be—slowed down enough for him to scramble off.

Mrs. E. Plunkett, Greggs Rd., Kurrajong, N.S.W.

Shock tactics

AT tea one evening my small daughter discovered a fine scratch on her arm which was bleeding.

She is a chicken-hearted child and complained so much that in desperation I left the room with the pretence of telephoning for the doctor.

She was very quiet throughout the meal, as I told her the doctor would be along imme-

diately after, and as we finished it we heard a car pull up and then a knock on the door.

Answering it, I don't know who got the biggest shock, mother or daughter. There on the doorstep was the doctor! He had been called to our neighbor three miles away, had lost his way and come by mistake to our farm, 10 miles out of town.

Mrs. G. Nickolls, Pinnaroo, S.A.



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Wonder-foam



"I never wash my hair with soap. I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam", says lovely Victoria Shaw, co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story".

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'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is based on a new, improved American formula—developed after years of study on women's hair care problems. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather. You feel almost instantly a thick, soapless foam—rich and fragrant. Tiny, active bubbles work gently on the oils of your scalp—will not dry them out—but free them of dirt, dust and dandruff.

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Page 28 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 19, 1957

THE ROYAL CHILDREN

By VICTOR THOMPSON and MAURICE FAGENCE

WITH Prince Charles having a "trial run" at a London prep. school, the Queen and Prince Philip have been visiting English public schools and discussing the problem they want to solve this year: Should Charles and Anne receive an ordinary or a special education?

This first instalment of an intimate and authentic story by two London writers shows the difficulties involved in bringing them up as Royal children in a democratic age.

A SERIOUS-FACED little boy lived near a fire-station in Norfolk, England, and was sometimes allowed through the big doors to play among the equipment.

The firemen, who said between themselves that he was "a rum little old ferret," even gave him a brass helmet for his own.

Wearing the heavy helmet, which came right down over his eyes, he would sit bursting with pride in the fire-engine's driving seat, making fire-engine noises and even ringing the mighty brass bell.

So naturally he wanted to grow up to be a fireman, and could not understand why his brigade friends smiled so oddly at the ambition.

Couldn't understand, that is, until one day in 1953, when his family was at its London home and a maid took him to see some clothes laid out for his mother to wear at a party.

He thought it must be a very special party for such clothes. "But of course!" said the maid. "It's the Coronation—to make your Mama Queen of England."

"Good boy"

SOME angry glances flashed then over his head, the sort of glances he often noticed when grown-ups started to talk about kings and queens.

The subject was changed. But later "Mama" and Nana Lightbody, his ever-present nurse, told him a little about his family and the Crown, and how he had to be a specially good boy because of it, and kind to his sister.

That was how Prince Charles, the little boy on the Sandringham fire-engine, received the first intimations that he would never be a fireman when he grew up, or even a grocer, his second choice.

He knows that his mother is Queen of everybody in the

British Commonwealth and that, however intimate and playful they may be in the talks they have most afternoons, he must call her Your Majesty when he is first taken to her each morning.

He does not yet fully realise, however, that he, too, in his turn, is destined to be Monarch.

What Charles does know is that his family has been set apart in some way for special duties on behalf of everyone. That is why, the Queen has told him, crowds gather to cheer any time a member of the family goes out.

Even little Anne understands that, though, in her comical way, she has the idea that lots of children elsewhere also get cheered in the streets.

Nursery fight

THIS caused a small quarrel in the nursery one day when she wanted to play cheering crowds and Charles said she couldn't because she had to be cheered.

Nana Lightbody finally said she'd cheer both of them if they didn't stop their "Tis-tisn'" bickering.

Nana, more than anybody, initiated the devious and patient processes that must develop the baby into the monarch.

A single woman (although she has the courtesy title of Mrs.), this comely and comfortable nurse took charge of the one-month-old Royal baby in December, 1948.

She had behind her 24 years of experience in nurseries, including service with the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—and the one thing above all others she treasured was routine. No visitor, however august, was allowed to disturb it.

Beyond it, Mrs. Lightbody had only commonsensical, not-very-modern methods, which provided baby Charles with a healthy and contented babyhood.

Anne, born on August 15,



FUTURE KING of England Prince Charles presents a picture of healthy, touselled boyhood as he arrives on Smith's Lawn, Windsor, to watch a polo match.

1950, at Clarence House, followed the same pattern.

On the morning after her birth, Charles was taken to be introduced to his new sister. She bawled at him, and he—only 20 months old—bawled back. Since then they have been pretty good friends.

So many toys

IT is easy, of course, for two small children to remain happily companionable when they have all the toys in the world, trained helpers to guide their activities, and, above all, space to play apart sometimes.

The Queen understands that an ordinary mother, with two small children round her feet while she is washing up in a ten-by-eight kitchen, may

legitimately envy the spaciousness of life in the Royal Nurseries.

As any honest account must point out, there is and must be a great difference between the parent-child relationship of an ordinary small home and that of Royal palaces.

From the beginning the Queen has seen her children for not more than an hour a day, and has had to leave them often for days or weeks, once even for Christmas.

The relationship, then, is calmer, less intense. Charles, adoring his mother, will not sob himself to sleep if she is not there to kiss him good-night.

The Queen must leave much of the fascinating detail of her

RARE MOMENTS FOR A ROYAL MOTHER

INFORMAL picture of the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, attending to baby Princess Anne's nose-blowing needs.

PLAYTIME for mother and son at their country house, Windlesham. Prince Charles was then eight months old.



... born to be different



HOLIDAY MOOD takes over as the Queen, a laughing Princess Anne, and a more serious Prince Charles leave Buckingham Palace on their way to Sandringham. Unlike most parents, both the Queen and Prince Philip are often parted from their children for long periods, and must leave the greater part of their upbringing to others.

children's upbringing to others, and the problems of their training are many and varied.

Nobody wants to destroy their precious spontaneity and to turn them into mannered automata.

On the other hand, they must learn sooner than other children to have a public manner apart from their private behaviour, for they are not going to be ordinary people with ordinary emotional candor. They are going to be goldfish in a resplendent bowl.

Therefore, the Palace argument runs, their special schooling cannot begin too early.

Down-to-earth

MRS. LIGHTBODY began the schooling they have had so far—except for Prince Charles' attendance at his present prep. school—and governess Miss Katherine Peebles, tall, dark, fortyish, single, and Glasgow-born, took over from her.

Miss Peebles, undoubtedly the most influential figure in the upbringing of the Royal children so far, has been a governess to very important children all her adult life.

Before she joined the Palace staff she had been with the Duchess of Kent at Coppins.

Like Nurse Lightbody, Miss Peebles has no university degrees and is a practical expert rather than an educational theorist—humorously firm and adroit in enlisting good behaviour rather than commanding it.

A tiny domestic incident at Buckingham Palace gives a fair idea of her method. The children had been rather boisterous in the nursery and had smashed a vase and spilt water.

Miss Peebles said, "I don't know what Miss Blank (the polishing maid) will say to us, spoiling all her work! Perhaps she'll forgive us if we apologise nicely."

The children apologised humbly to that junior maid on behalf of all three of them.

And Miss Peebles had taken another small step towards teaching the children that all grown-ups they meet, no matter how minor their jobs, are important people with a dignity that must not be ignored.

At Sandringham, nursery life has been as Miss Peebles likes it. There, the Royal Family maintains no pomp and lives most nearly according to its own desires.

There the children spend as much time as possible in the fresh air.

They have been known to grizzle with the cold at point-to-points, but Miss Peebles merely tells them briskly to run about more.

If they complain of hunger—and Charles is a great little trencherman—they are cheerfully told how lucky they are to have a big appetite.

Meals, plain and plentiful, are taken at 8.15 a.m., 12.30, and 4.30, with a hot drink at bedtime. These times are immovable, even when the meal is a picnic.

They are allowed the milder comics, but neither child shows much sign of being a bookworm.

Until Charles began his kindergarten schooldays, the children's instruction under Miss Peebles was of the "painless" kind—simple tales of history and geography and Scripture, plus, of course, the three Rs.

There are reports that both children are beyond average intelligence, but these probably represent the over-enthusiastic view of Palace worshippers.

What is certain is that Charles and Anne have more application than most children of their age.

They have never been allowed to "get away with" any dodging of their small chores and it does not now occur to them to try.

In London, Miss Peebles has taken them on a number of incognito outings, and at Windsor they have been shopping with their own money, vastly delighting assistants with artless remarks.

More money

FOR example, in a stationer's shop last Christmas, Anne piped up, "I wish we could afford to buy cards instead of painting our own!"

So the training begun by Nurse Lightbody and taken over by Miss Peebles goes on.

Prince Charles' present little day school, "Hill House," in Knightsbridge, which he leaves this (English) autumn, is undoubtedly a success, but it was never intended to be more than a small "trial run."

Now there is the daily discipline and fun to acclimatise him to—to what?

In trying to crystallise the problem concerning Prince Charles, which the Queen and the Duke have to resolve, it must be remembered:

A constitutional monarch must not be a specialist of any kind. He must never act on his feelings and must express views always with caution. He must, unlike his subjects, regard passionate convictions of any kind as undesirable.

He must be Church of England in membership, but he

must show no sign of disagreement with any of the other religions and sects of the Commonwealth.

He must, in a word, be all things to all men—a rubber-stamp, if you like.

In these circumstances, the so-called "Old Guard" has argued, an ordinary education would be a handicap.

But to send him, as some extremists have suggested, to a State school and to pretend to the scholars there that he is one of them would be a palpable and useless hypocrisy.

As between private tutoring and some kind of corporate school activities, the views usually labelled as the Duke of Edinburgh's have won.

In almost the only official statement on the subject, the Duke is quoted as follows:

"We want him to go to school with other boys of his generation and to learn to live with other children and to absorb from childhood the discipline imposed by education with others."

Boarder?

BUT what the next school will be and whether Prince Charles will be a day-boy or a boarder are at the moment successfully kept secrets.

Strongest tip is that he will go to St. Peter's, at Seaford, in Sussex. This is the 96-guinea-a-term prep. school run by 36-year-old bachelor and ex-Guards officer Michael Farebrother, who spent a fortnight at Sandringham last Christmas, as tutor-companion to the Prince, preparing him for his first adventure into school days.

At present, Prince Charles, in school cap and blazer, quite unaware of all the deep deliberations his future is causing, regards his weekly pocket-money of three shillings as the most controversial issue of all.

He thinks it ought to be more now that he's a Big Boy.

They are growing up fast, the Royal children, growing up into a world of change and high drama.

NEXT WEEK

Prince Philip's views on the training of his children



NURSE Helen Lightbody was "Nanny" to Prince Charles until he was five years old.



GOVERNESS Katherine Peebles took care of the children after nursery days.

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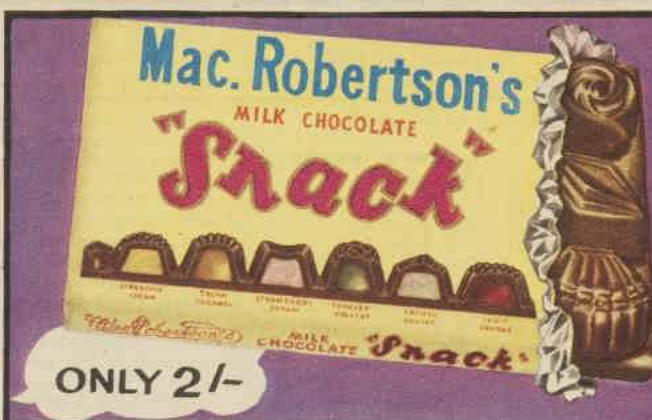
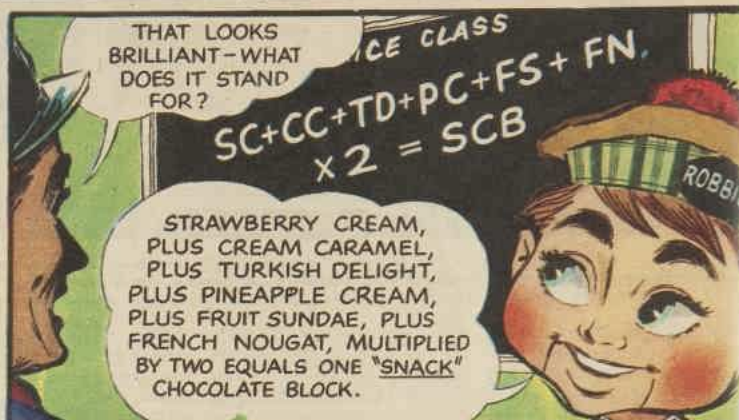
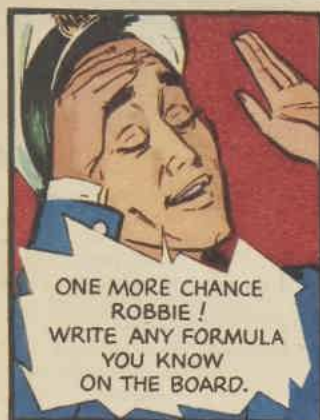


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DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● A softly tailored one-piece dress with a widening skirt-line is new in pre-spring fashions. I have chosen the style illustrated here for a reader who lives in a cold-climate State.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"I WANT a new woollen frock to wear under my winter coat now; without a coat in early September. The weather where I live is cold as late as November. Would you illustrate a style and let me have a paper pattern in size 34in. bust? Though I want the frock for better wear, I don't like anything trimmed or fussy."

I suggest wool jersey or a soft-wool tweed for the dress I have chosen for you. As you see in the illustration, the design is simple but with its own brand of chic, a design that has a place in every well-rounded wardrobe. A paper pattern is available in your size. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WILL you please help me with a style for an overblouse to wear with a navy-blue cloth suit? The jacket of the suit is semi-fitting; the skirt slim."

An overblouse with the easy fit symbolised by Chanel is very new and I suggest this idea in white chiffon. Have the blouse gathered softly on a three-inch band slightly below the waistline, and buttoned right down the back. The neckline could be collarless, high to the throat, oval in outline, and finished with a self-material band approximately two inches wide. The sleeves can be short and uncuffed.

"WOULD two yards of red-and-blue striped wool jersey be suitable for a blouse or jacket to wear with slacks?"

I suggest a blouson for your striped jersey. A blouson is really an over-blouse finished below or at the waistline with a draw string. Have it made with a hood, which can be worn over the head or thrown back as a collar.

"MY problem is a style for a bridesmaid's dress for an all-white wedding. The bride is wearing a lace gown. Would lace and organza be suitable for the bridesmaid and could the dress be ballerina-length?"

Yes to both questions. I



DS245.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

suggest you have the dress made with an Empire-line lace top, finished with a neckline cut high in front but low at the back. Have the rest of the dress made in organza, beltless, fitted from under the

bosom to the waistline, and then flaring out to ballerina length. At the low-cut back, where the lace meets the organza, have an organza butterfly bow finished with long streamer-ends.

"WHAT is a suitable coat for a 14-year-old girl who is still at school but who goes out a lot at weekends?"

A hooded duffel coat is a good teenage design because it is versatile enough to wear to school, informal dates, and to the movies.

"COULD you suggest some new color combinations for a skirt and separate top for evening? I don't like black."

Beige with red, two shades of apricot, and lime with white are three new and attractive color combinations for an evening skirt and separate top.

Beauty in brief:

KEEP COSMETICS IN THE DRAWER

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Today's white-collar girl knows that to be always spic and span it is essential to keep a few cosmetics in her desk drawer.

Cotton-wool, cleansing milk or cream, and face tissues are necessities, because successful new make-up needs a really clean face after the day's work.

It is also a good idea to have a small jar of foundation, some eye cosmetics, perfume, and talcum-powder in the office.

Good for a drawer are a compact of compressed powder (which won't spread powder everywhere) and two spare lipsticks, one pink and one true red



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MODEL'S CITY-COUNTRY WARDROBE

Photographed here, modelling clothes from her own wardrobe, is 17-year-old Phoebe Macarthur Onslow, a successful newcomer to commercial fashion work.

PHOEBE lives with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Macarthur Onslow, at historic "Hassel Cottage," Camden, N.S.W.

She has been likened to actress Vivien Leigh, but she likes to keep her individuality. Two years ago, when she visited Tahiti, she was so struck with the singular beauty of the island girls' flowing black hair that she decided to grow hers and wear it long. She keeps it shoulder-length.

She is her own hairdresser and arranges her hair in varying ways to suit her mood and the occasion, but a chignon is her favorite.

Her comment on fashion is: "I dress to please myself," and she plans her wardrobe to take in a city and rural life.

She loves color by daytime and wears it to dramatise her olive skin and slanting green eyes. White is her preference for the ball-room; at present she wears it romantically in flowing Empire lines.

Phoebe's hobbies are flying and social activities — which are considerable.

She likes sailing, tennis, and dancing; is fond of classical music, but neither likes nor understands jazz.

Her ambition is to travel, and later this year she hopes to pay a visit to the U.S.A. It's no secret that the aim of the visit is to further her career—and, if luck is with her, get a screen test in Hollywood.

— BETTY KEEP



FLYING KIT of chocolate-brown tweed slacks, white flannel man-tailored shirt, and navy-blue blazer. A cravat is worn neatly tucked in at the neckline of the shirt. Phoebe has been flying solo for 18 months. A skilled mechanic, she drives her own car. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



ALL-PURPOSE DRESS (left) made in bright rose-pink wool jersey has a slender skirt and bodice-top finished with a hood-collar. The dress was planned for warmth, glamor, and comfort. Phoebe is generally scheduled for several fashion jobs a day, starts work at 9 a.m.

CITY DRESS-JACKET ENSEMBLE in flecked tweed (above). The dress is belted with a deep V decolletage, and minus the jacket it is a perfect late-day dress. The high-draped turban matches the ensemble; Phoebe darkens eyebrows and paints a fuller mouth.



THE WEEKEND UNDERWAY, and Phoebe relaxes in the garden at "Hassel Cottage," wearing separates—shorts, blouse, and skirt. The material is wool jersey, the color lilac. The skirt is lined with rose-pink, and ties on to make a pretty sit-by-the-fire-at-home dress.



LATE-DAY DRESS (left) made in olive-green silk taffeta. The pink-and-white, hand-printed top and floating panel give the design individuality and a "dressed-up" look. The dress is one of Phoebe's favorites; it was originally chosen, and worn for a wedding.



ROMANTIC BALL-GOWN (above) in sheer white voile falls gracefully from an Empire-line bodice, finished with tiny sleeves. In the background is "Hassel Cottage," built in 1812 by Thomas Hassel, the first Church of England clergyman to settle in Camden.

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A leading authority on rheumatic disorders has written in a special text book, "We are convinced in every case of rheumatism and neuritis there is an infective factor." Germs release poisons in the system. These poisons cause inflammation to the tissues and nerves. Pain, swelling and stiffness result in various muscles and joints, depending on the area most affected by the poisons. Nervous irritability follows the poisoning of the nerve tissues and is often succeeded by digestive upsets, general ill-health and sleeplessness. You may get relief from drugs or rubs, but the infection continues and the toxins remain in the system until you are able to neutralise their effects.

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OVER 5 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD ALL OVER THE WORLD

96C.143

Continuing . . . The Red Hot Robber

[from page 19]

have earned every penny of the fortune that was to put him and Maisie on easy street!

Luckily, Maisie never asked questions. She took him on trust.

While he added the packets of ten to stock she was busy in the kitchen at the back of the shop, cooking the birthday supper.

There was steak with mushrooms, a dish of his favorite buttered asparagus tips, a bottle of red wine to drink his health. What a wife she would make!

It was bliss to be fussed over, to be given the easy chair in the little sitting-room while she counted his silver into £5 bags, ready for the bank. When she had finished she sat on his lap and smoothed the lines from his brow.

"You work too hard," she soothed, "carrying all that money around. Your firm ought to give credit, but I suppose people don't pay up."

Changing the subject quickly, she said, "What would you like to do for a birthday treat, darling? The Gresham sends free passes in exchange for the posters we show. We'd be just in time for the big picture—if you're in a mood for cops and robbers."

His nerves knotted. He winced at the thought of taking the suitcase into the crowded darkness, and he never went a step without it.

"I'd rather sit here with you," he said tenderly.

She switched on the radio. The tail-end of the news came through.

"... arrested a third man in connection with the recent robbery of £80,000 from a mail van. They are redoubting their search for the one bandit who remains at liberty."

Cold water seemed to trickle down Raymond's spine. This was terrifying. His suitcase was loaded with high explosive that could blow him into the dock along with Nos. 2, 3, and 4.

"It's just like a film, isn't it?" Maisie said comfortingly. "I suppose they'll get the fourth man. They always do."

Much as he loved her, there were times when he wanted to be alone.

"Maisie, dear, I've a very busy day tomorrow," he said. "Would you mind if we made it an early night?"

She saw him to the door and gave a little cry of dismay. "It's raining! You'll have to use your umbrella."

The umbrella! He had forgotten it, had left it behind at the pub in his hurry to leave. Normally he never lost or forgot anything, and this wasn't the time to start. It might be the suitcase next.

Maisie was distressed. "But, Raymond, it's so unlucky to have a present. You'll never get it back. People just aren't honest about umbrellas!"

"Buy me another," he said, "and make me pay for my carelessness."

"Oh, I couldn't let you pay for a present, but—wait!" She smiled up at him and she buttoned him into his raincoat.

"I'll be here at seven o'clock," he promised. "Don't go spending any more money on me."

"I love giving you presents." She hugged him and let him go.

In the morning he read of No. 2's capture. A prying landlady had found a key to fit the trunk he kept under his bed and had phoned the police about the contents.

It had been as easy as that, and it strengthened Raymond's resolve not to let the suitcase out of his sight for eight months—if he lasted eight months.

The doubt shook him. He was almost afraid to go to the

South London suburb he had chosen. No panic, he kept telling himself, but the day was a nightmare.

Tobacconists fingered his notes as they gossiped. A policeman seemed to be standing on every corner. He had a frightful fear that his suitcase would burst open, scattering fat wads of notes.

He longed for a safe, cosy evening with Maisie, but when he reached the shop she wasn't there to greet him.

Tired and disappointed, he was putting his packets of ten into stock when someone rattled the shop door.

A police constable stood there, peering through the glass.

Raymond's stomach turned over.

This was it. They had come for No. 1, and he was trapped. Squaring his shoulders, he opened the door.

"Mr. Dowling? Sorry to trouble you, sir"—amazingly, the constable sounded apologetic—"but we have a girl by the name of Maisie Norris at the station, and she says she's your fiancée."

Swallowing the ball of fear in his throat, Raymond stood

In this crisis his nerve was steady, his courage high. Still carrying his case, because the shop and Maisie's rooms might be searched later, he went with the constable to a patrol car. Sitting with the case across his knees gave him a queer sensation that was half terror, half exhilaration.

Could he get away with it? Could he walk into a police station with nearly £20,000 in stolen notes, and walk out again with the money? If so, he deserved to go down in the annals of crime as a super-crook.

Maisie was sitting forlornly in the charge-room, very pale, her soft mouth quivering. She wouldn't meet his gaze. "It's never meant to do it again," she whispered, "but something comes over me in those big stores. Please, Raymond, forgive me."

He took her cold hand into his. "I'm going to get you out of here and look after you," he said gently. "Have you told them everything?"

She raised drenched eyes to his, and in them was a light that made him catch his breath with hopeless regret for that mad moment of inspiration.

"Everything . . ."

"And it makes quite a list, sir," the desk sergeant said. He



"Had the last word, though."

aside for the man to enter. "That's right, officer," he said calmly. "But what is all this about?"

"This afternoon she was arrested for shop-lifting."

It couldn't be true. Not Maisie. Confused, relieved, yet still afraid, Raymond shook his head. "There must be some ghastly mistake. She's as honest as the day—"

"This must come as a shock to you, sir," the constable sympathised, "but I'm afraid it's true. In Wilson's store she was seen to pick up a gent's umbrella, and when she went out without paying for it she was stopped."

"Good heavens, man, anyone might forget to pay—"

"She had only a few shillings in her purse. In her shopping-bag were two pairs of nylons, two pairs of socks, a tin of asparagus tips, and a tin of chicken. She has admitted stealing them as well as the umbrella."

Raymond's mind whirled. "I can't believe it," he said feebly.

"At first she was too upset to talk, then she calmed down and was sensible enough to tell us everything. She's been in the same sort of trouble before—bound over twice, fined twice."

Maisie! Sweet, wide-eyed, generous little Maisie! It was staggering—as if a pet lamb had suddenly butted him in the stomach.

The constable comforted him. "Don't you take it too hard. She's very young, and she may get off with a fine again. It depends on whether you stand by her. The Bench go a lot by that."

Raymond nodded. Amazed and disillusioned though he was, he wouldn't let Maisie down. This could make no difference, except that from now on he would have to check the till-roll.

saw it included his cuff-links, lighter, silver pencil, cigarette case, and fountain pen. He put them on the counter under the approving eyes of the police.

"Anything else, sweetheart?" he urged. "Now is the time to tell." When she shook her head he turned to the sergeant. "I'll stand bail. If I can get her off with a fine in the morning you won't see her again."

A few minutes later he signed the forms and took Maisie by the arm.

"Come along. I daresay you can do with a cup of tea."

She smiled wanly, but hung back. "There is just one other thing," she sighed. "That suitcase, Raymond. I knew you wanted one for Christmas, and I meant to pay for it, really I did, but no one seemed to notice me in the rush—so I just walked out with it. There!" Her smile became happier. "Now I have told everything."

His mind spun in a red ball of fear. He heard himself speaking to the police in a cool, friendly voice. "The case is full of my samples. I'm not likely to run off with it, so if I may bring it back later—"

"Sorry, sir, but we can't allow stolen property to be taken away from the station." The sergeant produced a sheet of brown paper. "Make a parcel of your stuff—I'll get some string."

They were watching him, idly curious. This was the end, and in a way he was glad. It would come as a relief for Maisie to know the truth about him. She would wait. It might be for a long time, but he knew she loved him.

"Don't trouble about the string," he said. He put the case on the counter and reached for the key.

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chapter, halfway down the page. The road to success is broad highway with clearly marked signposts for those with the knowhow! Think of me as a signpost."

Sally glanced at the well-sculptured profile beside her. Anything less like a signpost she had never seen. Malcom Elliot looked more like a red light to a young girl bent on a business career. The only sane thing to do was to refuse his offer.

"Thank you," said Sally weakly. "It's nice of you to bother."

"Pleasure." He stopped the car outside the apartments, got out, and held the door for her. "Now you are quite sure Mr. Blair is all that keen on muscles? You don't suppose he is at home right now snoring under an electric blanket?"

"Heavens, no!" said Sally, horrified. "He would have finished his deep breathing by now. Mr. Blair is a great believer in filling the lungs with fresh air."

Mac Elliot shuddered slightly. "Perhaps you should read me that book," he decided. "The opposition is stronger than I suspected. We must leave no stone unturned."

Sally passed the book over. He smiled, nodded, and got back into the car.

When Sally let herself into her room upstairs Betsy Hughes was still peering down at the street through a patch she had wiped clear on the foggy glass.

"What are you doing?" Sally inquired. "Looking for enemy submarines?"

"Well . . ." said Betsy with undisguised interest. "Did the book promise you that, too? Adonis in a '57 convertible. I was standing here waiting for the ambulance."

"Ambulance?" said Sally, dragging off her coat.

"Remember, I promised you one. Of course, pneumonia takes time. Was that a book I saw you handing over to him . . . the book?"

"Yes," Sally nodded and dropped her coat on the chair. "His name is Malcom Elliot and he thinks I have the right idea about Smithers' job."

Betsy's face fell. "I'm going

Continuing . . . Signpost for Sally

from page 25

down to breakfast. I don't want to hear about another crackpot . . . At least, not on an empty stomach."

Next morning Sally was called downstairs to the phone. The apartments were wrapped in the usual Sunday morning gloom that she always found depressing. Her feet clicked loudly as she crossed to the telephone.

"Sally Deane," she said quietly into the mouthpiece.

"Have you got laryngitis?" a male voice demanded.

"No," said Sally. "Everybody is asleep. Who is . . .?"

"Elliot here," he said briskly. "I didn't get to the beach this morning . . . heavy evening . . . lot of dancing. You sure your voice is all right?"

"Yes," said Sally, a trifle bewildered.

"Good! We couldn't cope with a throat infection. We only have three weeks to get you into shape. What have you planned for today?"

"Well . . ." Sally began. "There's some washing, and maybe the crossword puzzle in the paper . . ."

"No good! Won't do at all! What you need is air — fresh air. I'll call for you at 9.30 and we'll go to the mountains for the day."

"The mountains!" Sally repeated dizzily.

"Uh-huh! Don't bring anything to eat . . . it's sure to be the wrong thing. I must talk to you about your diet."

"But . . ." said Sally.

"No buts!" he ordered sternly. "Miss Gibb will be out on the courts now bashing a ball around. Would you like to bring your friend . . . what's her name?"

"Betsy," Sally said. "Yes, I would, but she won't go out with anyone who can read. She said books are dangerous, after what's happened to me."

Sally dressed in warm slacks and sweater, then picked up the morning paper to read while she waited. On the social page a familiar face stared back at her. She hurriedly read the

paragraph underneath: "Malcom Elliot escorted attractive Amelia Ludslow to the Jack Frost Ball last night."

"So!" said Sally thoughtfully. "He really is out to capture a wealthy wife. I must be out of my mind to think of spending the day with such a man."

Nevertheless, she stood up when Malcom walked in, looking fresh and cheerful, and went with him to the car.

"Have you nothing warmer to wear?"

"Well, yes . . ." Sally admitted. "But I thought I should toughen up."

He pulled a wind-jacket out of the car and slipped it over her head. "You'll toughen up all in good time . . ." He pulled the zip up under her chin.

"Such a shocking aim for a young girl. I can't think why I am a party to it. However, since I am, let's discuss your diet . . ."

"Are you going to marry Amelia Ludslow?" Sally inquired. "I mean, is she wealthy enough?"

"Couldn't say," he replied in an offhand way. "I haven't gone into the matter yet. At the moment I am concentrating on you. We must get you some yeast extract and vitamin tablets."

"How horrible!" said Sally.

Malcom parked the car on top of a cliff and they walked for a couple of miles talking and breathing deeply. They had lunch in the car, and Sally had to hold her nose to swallow the yoghurt he produced from the picnic hamper. He sat back watching her and trying not to smile.

"You have earned a treat," he announced when she stopped shuddering. "The scenic railway is the thing."

Sally allowed herself to be guided into a seat, and it wasn't until the carriage started on

the downhill drop that she knew she would be scared to death. With a horrified gasp she flung herself against Malcom's shoulder and buried her face in his coat.

"Come on . . . look! It's a magnificent sight," he urged.

"No!" Sally said in a muffled voice, and clung to him tighter. So he described the colors on the cliff face, and the mists and various sights with his mouth against her hair so that she could hear against the rattle of the cable.

"All right, we're back," he announced at last. "Unwind yourself, you sweet, baby thing. I can't buy you mink and orchids."

Sally raised a flushed face. "I don't want orchids. I just want Miss Smithers' job, and this seems a very round-about way of getting it."

"Not at all!" Malcom assured her. "Your cheeks are glowing . . . eyes shining."

"I'd have clung to anybody," Sally told him with dignity.

"Thanks for putting me right," said Malcom in amusement. "I didn't imagine for one minute it was because you liked me."

He set her down at her apartment full of fresh air and yawning luxuriously.

"Now a hot bath, tea, and into bed," he advised. "Not forgetting a vitamin pill."

Sally staggered into her room and did as she was told.

The weeks that followed could only be described by one word . . . active. They walked, surfed, and went ice-skating. They drove to the beaches and clambered round the cliffs. Their appetites were increased by sharp salt breezes, and they ate prawns and oysters and bundles of hot fish and chips.

"You're really slumming," said Sally on one of these occasions. "Do you ever think you might meet Amelia Ludslow round one of these corners?"

"Not very likely," he



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To page 36



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Nutrition studies shed new light on the cause of modern ills



In every crowd or gathering, 4 out of 5 people are less well than they should be because their diets are deficient in natural bulk. Yet, as this article shows, the remedy is simple!

Even on an ample diet You may be one of the 4 out of 5 who suffer from BULK DEFICIENCY

Constipation, frequent headaches, poor complexion, loss of energy and low resistance to colds are among the common symptoms of bulk deficiency in the diet.

Would it surprise you to know that—even on three square meals and a balanced diet—you may be suffering from a deficiency complaint? The close relationship between good health and good nutrition has long been recognised, but it is only recently that the spotlight of research has been focused on a completely new aspect of nutrition. In simple everyday terms it comes down to this. Even a diet rich in all the nutritional elements you need can still fail to supply the most important element of all—bulk to keep your system in working order.

What is bulk?

Bulk is the term we use for the cellulose or fibrous material which makes up the greater proportion of many natural foods, such

as fruit, vegetables and whole grains. This bulk is not absorbed into the system but plays an essential part in the process of digestion and elimination by gently stimulating the intestinal walls. When you remember that you have 10 yards of intestine, and that a stoppage can occur anywhere along the line, you will realize how important it is to include bulk in your diet every day.

Why modern diets are deficient

In this land of plenty, why is it that many people are in a state of constant ill-health because of bulk-deficiency? Civilization has given us many unnatural tastes and values. We take good raw materials and refine them until every trace of roughage—and,

alas, many of their vitamins, too—have disappeared. These over-refined products are used in the bread, pastries, cakes, biscuits and desserts which make up the greater part of our daily diet. Sooner or later the whole digestive rhythm slows down. We suffer from constipation—sometimes, without even suspecting it, from an insidious form of partial constipation. We become headachy and out of sorts. We catch more colds than we should. We wonder why we are tired and depressed, why life seems to have lost its shine.

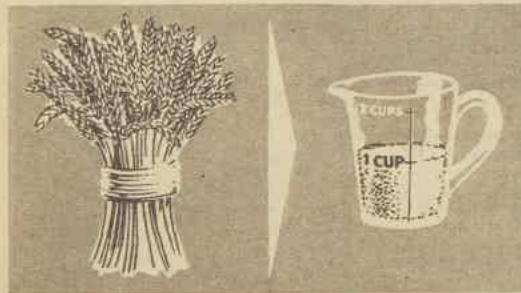
The natural answer to bulk deficiency

Many people, when they are constipated or out of sorts, dose themselves with laxatives. These give temporary, though drastic, relief but they don't reach the cause of the trouble. Indeed, they make matters worse, because laxatives are habit-forming, and tend to make the bowel muscles weak and lazy. The only lasting and effective solution is to put bulk back into the diet. This need not mean changing your eating habits if you include an important natural bulk food every day. This bulk food, All-Bran, is sold by your grocer. It is made by Kellogg's from the nutty

outer layers of the wheat grain. Enjoyed every morning as a cereal, it supplies the daily quota of bulk your system requires to function naturally, without medicines. All-Bran is delicious (and just as valuable) in cooking, and many families are discovering what a difference its nutty texture and rich flavour can make to cakes, cookies and pies.

Minerals and Vitamins

It is in the outer layers that Nature stores most of the minerals and vitamins in the wheat grain, so All-Bran makes an important contribution to nutrition, too, supplying Vitamin B1, B2, phosphorus, niacin and iron, as well as natural cellulose bulk for regularity. Thousands of people, enslaved for years by the laxative drug habit, have rediscovered the health, vigor and enjoyment of life which are only possible when there is adequate bulk in the diet for regular, natural and complete elimination. What All-Bran has done for others it can do for you. Even if you are not yet conscious of constipation, it will prevent future trouble and build up your general health, because All-Bran is Nature's own answer to bulk deficiency in the modern diet.



So much of the natural cellulose bulk is removed from grain by the refining process that all this wheat is reduced to a single cup of refined white flour.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.



Continuing . . .

Signpost for Sally

from page 35

grinned, "but I can't be so sure about your Mr. Blair."

"My Mr. Blair?" Sally laughed. "By the way, Miss Smithers only has one more week, so he must make a decision soon. Do I look any healthier to you?"

"Haven't had a good look at you, to tell you the truth. I've been too busy on the muscle campaign." He turned her round by the coat lapels and studied her closely. Sally felt uneasy under his gaze.

"Now, let's start at the top," he suggested. "Shiny hair, good skin, light sun-tan. Eyes clear and bright . . . lovely eyes." His voice pattered out and he bent his head and put his lips against hers. When he raised his head Sally pulled away, her eyes wide and startled.

"That is not in the book of rules you drew up," she said stiffly.

"Just a friendly kiss," he said defensively. "Mr. Blair wouldn't expect you to be thrown by a little thing like that."

"Mr. Blair has nothing to do with it," Sally said huffily, "and that was not a friendly kiss. Please take me home."

A muscle tightened at the corner of Malcom's mouth. "I intend to," he said, glaring at her. "I've seen enough of you for one day."

Sally tried not to mind that they had parted in anger. Two days dragged by at the office and two nights. There was no word from Malcom. He had obviously washed his hands of her and perhaps even decided Amelia Ludslow had enough money to be a good marriage prospect. Sally took her vitamin pills and did her exercises with a religious fervor. After all Malcom's good work she owed him that much.

"I have never felt so miserable in my life," she wailed to Betsy at night. "Or never so healthy," she admitted truthfully.

"You're crazy about Mac Elliot. Let's face it," said Betsy.

"No such thing," Sally flared. "There's nothing between us but . . . fresh air. It's time Mr. Blair said something about the job. So far there hasn't been one word."

Next day at work Sally's efforts were rewarded. Mr. Blair stopped by her desk and cleared his throat. "You are looking very well, Miss Deane," he remarked. "Plenty of outdoor exercise, eh?"

"I just live in the open, Mr. Blair," she said, flushing with pleasure. "My only regret is that I have to come indoors to sleep."

"Yes, of course," said Mr. Blair, looking faintly surprised. "If you'll come into my office after morning tea there are some things I want to discuss with you."

Miss Lunt's typewriter rattled ominously behind Sally. She had won the staff table-tennis the night before. It was most unfortunate that she had turned her ankle and was forced to wear a tight bandage that she had dyed the same color as her stocking.

Sally went home after work walking on air. Betsy was out for the evening, and she longed to tell somebody her news. She had a wild desire to call Malcom. Surely he would feel some faint pleasure that he had put her on the right track. Even as she toyed with the notion there was a knock on her door. When she opened it she found Malcom standing there.

"Hello," he said gloomily. "Make me some coffee, and play me soft music."

"Oh, Mac!" Sally said

dreamily. "We aren't posed to entertain in our room but come in."

"Don't look at me like that," Malcom snapped. "I have limits . . ."

"Whatever do you mean?" Sally said anxiously while he watched him slump into chair.

"It's just that you looked pleased to see me," he scowled. "As though I was the one person in the world you wanted to have walk through the door."

"But you are!" Sally rushed on. "I mean, I do want to see you . . . I have the most wonderful news. Today Mr. Blair said . . ."

"What's the man's name, Petre's sake? You can't go calling him 'Mr. Blair' . . . ridiculous."

"His name is Thomas," Sally, feeling hurt. He didn't sound at all interested in the news. "But Miss Smithers always calls him Mr. Blair."

"Miss Smithers obviously never got to first base."

"Sometimes I don't understand you," said Sally, baffled.

"That, my dear Miss Deane, is mutual. You have the face of a small angel . . . quite detached from the calculating mind that planned this muscle campaign, but go on . . ."

Sally tried again. "Mr. Blair said . . . I mean, Thomas said that he would like me to have coffee with his wife tomorrow before he makes his final decision."

This piece of information affected Malcom like an electric shock. He shot forward in his chair.

"You mean the fellow has a wife?"

"Of course," Sally said, bewildered. "and a grown-up family, but . . ."

Malcom's face was incredulous. "Then you actually want the job? You don't want Mr. Blair?"

"W-want Mr. Blair?" Sally stammered.

"Well, why on earth would you go to such lengths to get a job? I've never heard of such a thing."

"Because you've never been short of money," Sally flared. "You don't know what it is like to be on your own in a big city. Do you know what the average girl's chances of marriage are in this place? Nil!" she finished wildly.

Malcom's grey eyes lit up. He tried hard not to smile.

"Then we have to redirect our efforts . . . that's all," he said smoothly. "What we have to do is find a husband for you." He stood up. "This is where your signpost comes in. Follow your nose and walk straight ahead . . ." He held out his arms.

"No!" said Sally, clenching her fists. "I am not going to compete with Amelia Ludslow . . . all that money." She took a step forward, but stopped. Her lip trembled. "They are the flour people. Didn't you know?"

"Yes, I know," Malcom admitted cheerfully. "but Amelia has no stamina. Right now she is in bed with a cold. I am a great out-of-doors man myself. I must have a healthy wife."

A new vitality flooded through Sally. She looked like the cover of a "Health and Happiness" magazine.

"You are an unscrupulous type," she said, going into his arms. "Do you think the book would approve of my marrying a man like you?"

(Copyright)

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
 For week beginning June 17

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

| | | | | |
|--|--|---|---|---|
| <p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck at the end of a journey.</p> | <p>★ No matter how capable you are, unless you work to a system you are sure to be running late all the time. Allow a reasonable period for completing a job.</p> | <p>★ Trips to town may be valuable even if you bring back only ideas. Glamour in self or surroundings is frequently the product of concentrated thinking.</p> | <p>★ Don't feel hurt if that fascinating stranger fades out once he has left for his home town. Don't build hopes of a bridal bouquet on a romantic episode.</p> | <p>★ Individual members of an organisation may be acting at cross purposes through lack of efficient leadership. You could take charge, but it's thankless.</p> |
| <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in an unexpected present.</p> | <p>★ Should you see clothing that is becoming and which will go with present possessions, it might be sound economy to buy it now, even if it costs the budget.</p> | <p>★ If preparing for a big occasion and wishing to supplement finances, a good friend or a relative may come to the rescue with a smart accessory.</p> | <p>★ Many a lad with freckles and a star-pointing nose has made a girl happy for life, while many a handsome profile was puffed up with vanity. Discriminate.</p> | <p>★ Anyone who appeals to your kindness could involve you in a number of projects. Once you promise you will carry on, but the price in time is high.</p> |
| <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in new opportunities.</p> | <p>★ Don't make decisions when you are excited. Wait until you have weighed the pros and cons. Any moves made concerning finances are likely to be permanent.</p> | <p>★ If you can't change your residence in any fundamental way, you can still make it look different to the casual eye. Your sign loves changes.</p> | <p>★ Your sign loves to be on the go. If the beloved happens to be a quiet Cancer or Virgo type, don't expect him to be a social dynamo. You can't alter him.</p> | <p>★ You eager beavers are right in the thick of the struggle to help those less fortunate, and what you do will be carried out on a wave of enthusiasm.</p> |
| <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in watchful waiting.</p> | <p>★ Try to discover what new conditions are approaching and how to benefit from them. Circumstances may arise which result in a hoped-for chance.</p> | <p>★ You are inclined to worry over trifling family problems. If a parent, think back to your own youth, and you will be more sympathetic to the teenager.</p> | <p>★ If you are a clinging vine, make sure the sturdy oak is prepared to play his part. Some boys like a bright, jolly girl who can look after herself.</p> | <p>★ Below-surface reactions may result in a real dust-up in your group. You may be the innocent bystander or a member of a committee under fire. Seek shelter.</p> |
| <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in social activities.</p> | <p>★ If you have any proposition to put to your associates, use your dramatic instinct. Give your ideas time to sink in before clinching the matter.</p> | <p>★ Be wary. Loyalty to an old friend might involve you and your family in what is none of your business, and the consequences could be upsetting and unpleasant.</p> | <p>★ You have fun with your crowd, but there may be one who captures your imagination if you are in your teens. There is a reliable pal who partners you.</p> | <p>★ Be one of the gang but do not attempt to dominate it this week. If there are some features you dislike, let them ride, unless a matter of principle is involved.</p> |
| <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, black. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Success in business and pleasure.</p> | <p>★ Don't be afraid of accepting a new job which may be offered you. Your sign learns quickly. Check everything as you go along and cut no corners.</p> | <p>★ Don't be guided too much by neighbors' opinions. Use common sense in managing your home. If neighbors are fine, they will like you for yourself.</p> | <p>★ If you concentrate on your frock, appearance, and popularity to play his part. Some boys like a bright, jolly girl who can look after herself.</p> | <p>★ After this week the social pressure is going to ease off, giving you time to attend to private affairs. Some big function may close an important campaign.</p> |
| <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in learning a new skill.</p> | <p>★ Don't say you can't teach an old dog new tricks. There are experts anxious to help you with new devices, new methods, and time-saving techniques.</p> | <p>★ You may be keeping an ambition to yourself because you fear family ridicule, but on second thoughts, why not try it out and see how you go?</p> | <p>★ Your beloved is still a mystery, whether you've known him six months or 60 years. There's a certain fascination in this puzzle which you may never solve.</p> | <p>★ That expedition into a fascinating social world may have been postponed several times, but the moment is at hand when you can push open the door and peek.</p> |
| <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in playing safe.</p> | <p>★ You may be tempted to forget that wonderful ambition and splash your savings. You have come through the toughest part, why not stick a bit longer?</p> | <p>★ Spend time on yourself this week and let the family ride in the back seat. You could successfully try making a dress, a hat, a lunch set, or knitwear.</p> | <p>★ If disappointed in love, don't grow bitter. Every day you are your best beloved is going to have a possibility that could change your outlook.</p> | <p>★ Don't take chances in competitions or sports. Rely on yourself. Plan alternative arrangements if you think there is any possibility of plans going wrong.</p> |
| <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, navy-blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck with the opposite sex.</p> | <p>★ Friends do count, and if you are asked to do a favor, it will not be forgotten. Otherwise, neighbors may play an unusually large part in your arrangements.</p> | <p>★ Most of you are tackling home-making tasks with cheerfulness and efficiency. Don't be surprised if the members of the household show their appreciation.</p> | <p>★ For once the course of true love runs smoothly. If quite young, good times shared, if older you persuade the one-and-only to grant a long-cherished wish.</p> | <p>★ You might pool ideas and labor in order to gain quick results. Keep associates away from arguments. Intervene whenever you feel the situation is growing awkward.</p> |
| <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in an interview.</p> | <p>★ Of course if you are prepared to be the packhorse, plenty of folk will be happy to pile on the load. See that others pull their weight.</p> | <p>★ Some of you revise your diet and serve unusual meals. If slimming, do not go to extremes. Exercise to the radio or record player can be fun.</p> | <p>★ Is your emotional life at a standstill? When the whirlwind comes you'll appreciate it all the more. In the meanwhile, why not read a few good romances?</p> | <p>★ Contacts may be limited to people you see daily at work or frequently in your social activities. Regular routine may exclude surprises, but you accomplish much.</p> |
| <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck for the young in heart.</p> | <p>★ An old mystery may be cleared up accidentally, giving you a new slant on people around you. Be cautious with money, especially if it is not your own.</p> | <p>★ Visitors have a habit of dropping in unannounced. You'll enjoy meeting a friend of a friend who comes to your house, and a permanent link may bring interest.</p> | <p>★ Just enjoy the heady sensation of being young and attractive. Perhaps the man you will eventually marry has yet to appear. He may be just around the corner.</p> | <p>★ Because almost anything might happen this week, plan to look your best. Don't keep folks waiting while you primp before the mirror. You'll save compliments for punctuality.</p> |
| <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a little windfall.</p> | <p>★ The end of an old association may be viewed with regret, but probably will be unavoidable. A new job or a removal to a distance might alter conditions.</p> | <p>★ A book or an article you read may give you a fresh perspective on home and family life. Put into effect in modified form, you could create an entirely new atmosphere.</p> | <p>★ An invitation could give you a thrill, a ring at the telephone could send you scurrying to answer it. You're on tip-toe for that big moment now approaching.</p> | <p>★ Those who are tense, those who have consumed too much party food recently, are going to be cranky and unpopular. Maintain beauty routines.</p> |



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Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 21

girl—his lack of conversation produced no restlessness in his companion. Joss, glancing down, thought he could see a smile on her lips.

"Private joke?" he asked. "I was thinking you and your friend are both . . . quite different."

"I suppose we are. I suppose, in a way, that's why we're friends," said Joss.

"You have known each other for long?"

"It isn't one of those old-school-friend associations. We met as men and not as boys. Sometimes I wonder why it's lasted as long as it has. Sebastian leads rather a gay life; he moves fast, and people who move fast don't always feel inclined to stop and wait for the slower ones."

"You are the slower one?"

"Most definitely." "Perhaps he likes to meet you often because you are restful?"

He was uncertain whether this was a question or a statement; if a statement, whether he liked being referred to as restful when he was walking in the moonlight with a pretty girl.

"Sebastian works in England?" she asked.

"If you call it working. He's got two estates to look after—one in Yorkshire and the other in Kent; I think he'd make a good job of running them if they weren't already being run very efficiently by stewards or managers or agents. But his real work is dodging determined mothers. He's a good catch, matrimonially, and they work at it all the year round."

"He doesn't want to get married?"

Joss hesitated. For a man who wished to avoid the shoals of matrimony, Sebastian did some remarkably dangerous sailing.

"I don't know," he said at last. "I think that when a man's very much sought after, dodging becomes almost a career."

"You like him very much?"

This, clearly, was a statement.

"Yes, I suppose I do."

Her face was upturned; her glance rested on him for a few moments. Joss knew that she was studying him and knew, too—and felt a glow of gratitude at the realisation—that there was nothing of disappointment in the scrutiny. She liked him; how he knew, he could not have told, but he was familiar with the long, narrowed look that girls gave him, a look that bored through him and told him that he had not come up to expectations. He had only to watch Sebastian, he had told himself

more than once, to know what girls liked; they liked firm handling, firm embraces, and firm offers, and they found his own slow ways and slower conversation boring.

This girl was the first, in his experience, who did not indicate clearly that she would rather have been paired with Sebastian. An absurd desire to thank her rose in him, and he fought it down.

"It's odd," he said, "to think that you've often been across to Jersey."

"To see my sister? That is not strange, surely?"

"Well, strange to think that we didn't meet."

"You like living there?"

"Very much. Is Maurice's father a Jerseyman?"

"Yes. He and my sister have been married for ten years. She is twelve years older than I am."

"Have you always lived here in Cloisy?"

"We came here when I was a year old. My father bought the house for my mother—Marielle. She was delicate, and it is healthy here in Cloisy—but she died soon after we came."

"Do you ever leave your father?"

"Yes, of course. When I am away, Celine looks after him well—and we have friends here in Cloisy who see that he is not lonely."

HE tried to think of her in a different setting, and found it difficult; she seemed to belong to the peace and the quiet of this place. He wondered who her friends were; he had not seen anybody here who could have been a companion for her.

He had not thought of turning homeward, and was surprised when the voices of Jessica and Sebastian came out of the darkness.

"Going back already?" he asked them.

"Yes," said Jessica. "I'm sleepy. I don't know whether it's the air, or Francine's food, or the wine, or Sebastian's conversation; I just want to sleep."

They strolled back together, easy and relaxed. At the gate of the house the two girls went in and the men turned to walk back to the chateau.

"Well"—Sebastian spoke out of a long silence—"it's going to be a good holiday."

"Yes. We've been lucky," said Joss. "If there'd been nothing but the Comtesse and the chateau, I don't suppose we'd have enjoyed it much. As it is—"

"As it is?" prompted Sebastian.

"Well, as I said, we've been lucky. Early nights, good healthy walks, wonderful French food, good wine."

"And?"

"Well, and two very nice girls."

"Some people," commented Sebastian, "would put fine things first—but not you. All the same, you're right and we're lucky. All we've got to do now is try to keep our heads."

"How do you mean, keep our heads?"

"I mean just what I say. You've just enumerated all the things that a kind Fate has provided; now you've got to go further and try to assess what effect soft night air, good food, good wine, and two lovely women have on two susceptible men."

"I'm not—"

"—susceptible? That's what you think. The fact is that you've never—at least, never since I've known you—been in a situation quite like this."

"I don't see any situation," said Joss.

"You will. You and I," said Sebastian, "are in a very dangerous position."

"You might be—but I can name at least a dozen girls you've known for much longer than two weeks without showing any sign of losing your head."

"The danger in the present situation," said Sebastian, "can be summed up in the one word: propinquity. You can meet girls off and on, and that's safe enough, because the interval between the off and the on gives you enough time to remember what you said last time and to decide what you'll say next. In other words, when you're on-and-offing, you can snatch just enough time to glance at a compass. But for the next two weeks, we're going to see two outstandingly pretty girls morning, noon, and pretty far into the night."

Looking at him thoughtfully, Sebastian continued:

"We're going to see them against a very attractive background and in some remarkably potent settings. I'm telling you this tonight because I don't want you to come to me and set up a howl because I didn't put the thing before you clearly. I don't know what your views on marrying are—I haven't checked up on them for some time—but I remember your telling me some time ago that you'd like to find a wife."

"Of course I'd like a wife," said Joss. "But I'd need a lot more than two weeks before I knew a girl well enough to

To page 44

Pretty embroidery designs



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Aboriginal actor visits London

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

● Stockman Johnny Cadell, of South Australia, one of the three Australian players who went to England to film some studio sequences in the bush epic "Robbery Under Arms," saw the sights of London during his trip and won a few pounds at the races on a Royal colt as well.

FILMING of "Robbery Under Arms" has just about ended at Pinewood in a vast outdoor lot on the western fringe of London.

With it, aboriginal Johnny Cadell will be returning to his stockman's job in South Australia.

He is one of the gentlest, shyest actors ever to walk through the studio gates at Pinewood.

I met Johnny on the set after a tough morning's shooting. Filming indoors was still new to him; and a little oppressive, I suspect. It was the sort of morning the most seasoned actors dread.

The set represented the interior of an old-fashioned bank. The scene: a hold-up.

The script involved a complicated business of awkward physical moves before the camera—catching a bunch of keys, moving to a safe, opening it, loading loot into heavy saddlebags, dumping them near the door, all the split-second timing. And all going wrong.

The saddlebags were awkward to handle in a cramped space, the timing was going awry, director Jack Lee was calling quietly for yet another "take," and the tension that always hovers around a difficult scene mounted steadily.

Finally Lee called, "Clear the set!" The camera crew tried again. This time they got it.

Johnny came off, beaming. One of the technicians clapped him on the back.

Scenic trips

SINCE he has been here, the whole Pinewood unit has taken him under its wings. Peter Finch, director Jack Lee, and publicist Bob Herrington have all been taking it in turn to pilot him round London.

He mopped his face and grinned. "Hot," he murmured. "Never thought I'd be hot here. When I arrived by plane I'd never been colder. First thing I did after I unpacked my bags was to walk out of the pub and call a taxi. I didn't know where to go, then suddenly I remembered a name. I said, 'Piccadilly Circus.'"

"After a while the taxi-driver said, 'Ere you are, mate,' and he let me down in a square full of neon signs and a fountain with a statue in the middle.

"I said, 'Hey—where are all the lions and tigers? Where's the circus?' I didn't know it was just a place, a kind of traffic roundabout." His teeth gleamed in a broad grin.

Peter Finch took Johnny along with him for dinner at his favorite Chelsea restaurant, the Casa Pepe, a rowdy and exotic eating place, its menu crammed with Spanish specialties, its cabaret floorshow full of whirling Spanish costumes, the sound of castanets, the staccato clicking of heels.

Johnny sat fascinated. After a long silence he said, "I think I'll stop off in Spain on the way home."

"The plane doesn't stop at Madrid," Finch said.

"Never mind," Johnny mused, "maybe I'll do that anyway. Pay the extra myself." He is a passionate addict of flamenco dancing.

Other highlights of Johnny Cadell's spare-time wandering around London have been:

● Feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square. He bought a bag of corn and watched with astonished delight as the pigeons swarmed down on to his hand. "I've never seen such tame birds!" he said.

● Watching the Duke of Edinburgh play polo. Press agent Herrington took



FEEDING the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, aboriginal actor Johnny Cadell was astonished at the tameness of the birds. He had almost to be dragged away from coaxing them on to his hand.

Johnny to Windsor to see a match, and they sat only two yards away from the Queen and the Royal children.

Said Herrington, "He was so thrilled he could hardly speak. All I could get out of him was a comment on how well Prince Philip rode, how polite the players were."

Johnny said, "After all, I don't suppose you can get rough with a Duke—and if you bump anybody, it's maybe an admiral or a general. Not like the way we ride back home.

"I used to play a lot of polo-crosse—a kind of lacrosse on horseback."

One of his biggest triumphs was at the races.

Johnny followed the crowds going through the train gates at Waterloo Station, all heading for Kempton Park. It was the Queen's birthday, and one of her horses was running—a sprightly colt called Doutele.

"It won't win," the wise-ones told him. "Hasn't got a chance!"

Johnny squinted at Doutele trotting round the saddling enclosure. "I like him," he murmured, and he put down a bet.

The colt with the white blaze and the royal colors came in a length-and-a-half ahead of



AGED pavement artist, known as a "screever" in London, discusses his art with Johnny over a cigarette outside the National Gallery.

the field—and Johnny collected £9.

Only a few studio voice sequences remain to be recorded before the wreckers take down the old-time Australian township which is the pride of the set-builders at Pinewood.

For "Robbery Under Arms" they had erected more than 30 main-street buildings—a whole last-century gold-rush town.

When the cast departs,

Johnny Cadell goes into a London hospital for a minor operation on his eyes. They have been troubling him, and he is taking the studio's advice to have them fixed.

He wants to be able to see everything on the way home—particularly if he stops over in Madrid.

● Overleaf are pictures of "Robbery Under Arms," which was partly filmed in Australia.



ABOVE: At Hyde Park Corner, centre of "Free Speech," Johnny is the solitary listener at the platform of "Old Bob," a corner character.

RIGHT: St. James' Palace in Whitehall. An Australian stockman Johnny Cadell takes a professional interest in the guard's horse.



BUSHRANGING CLASSIC

"One of the finest pieces of outdoor photography ever seen," is the way executives of the Rank Organisation have described the Australian scenes in "Robbery Under Arms."

"It will definitely out-match any of the great outdoor films of the past. We regard it as the most spectacular and important film property to be made by any company," said a Pinewood Studios production chief.

To get the results that have brought such high praise from the top brass, English members of the unit had to contend with the real outback.

For Peter Finch, who plays the leading role of Captain Starlight, and newcomer Ursula Finlay, making her screen debut in this film, heat, dust, and flies were not entirely unknown.

But their English colleagues in the 70-strong film unit learned plenty during their few weeks' sojourn in the northern part of South Australia. They now know all about flies, mosquitoes, hornets, and other insects; they have worked with the temperature at 115 degrees in the shade, and they have nearly suffocated on the dry red-dirt roads as their long convoy of vehicles raised a wall of dust around them.

They have seen kangaroos, emus, and foxes in their natural settings, a huge wedge-tail eagle soaring in flight with a rabbit in its claws, and have marvelled at an immense dead gum tree "flowering" with hundreds of pink-and-grey galahs which clouded, screeching, into the sky when disturbed.

Photographer Max Farrell and I visited the unit at Bonds Chalet at the tourist resort of Wilpena Pound in the Flinders Ranges while they were shooting scenes of the bushrangers' hide-out, "The Hollow," and the stage-

coach hold-up by Captain Starlight and his gang.

To accommodate the unit's large personnel, the Chalet was enlarged by the South Australian Government, but even then tents and caravans had to be used also.

We breakfasted with the company at 7 a.m., and by 7.45 were on our way behind the personnel bus, motor-cars, horse float, and dust on the 15-mile drive to the location 280 miles from Adelaide.

Arriving there, we joined the trek up and over a rough quarter-mile track, climbing over boulders and slipping on loose stones into what the company has come to call "the horrible hollow."

The "bushranger," leading their horses, took the lower, much rougher creek-bed route through the ravine. Peter Finch

led his mount Rainbow (a police horse named Velox) along the tricky route as to the manner born.

Peter handled Velox almost exclusively, brushing, watering, and feeding her so that at the critical period Velox knew who was master.

It was some feat on the part of the unit getting heavy gear such as great arc lamps, camera, timber, etc., into the location. Caterer's unit, generators, caravans, tents, and sundries were left at the entrance to the ravine.

At midday the personnel climbed up for lunch, served at trestle tables in a marquee. The menu included a hot dish or welcome cold meat, with crisp salads and hot potatoes, plus fruit.

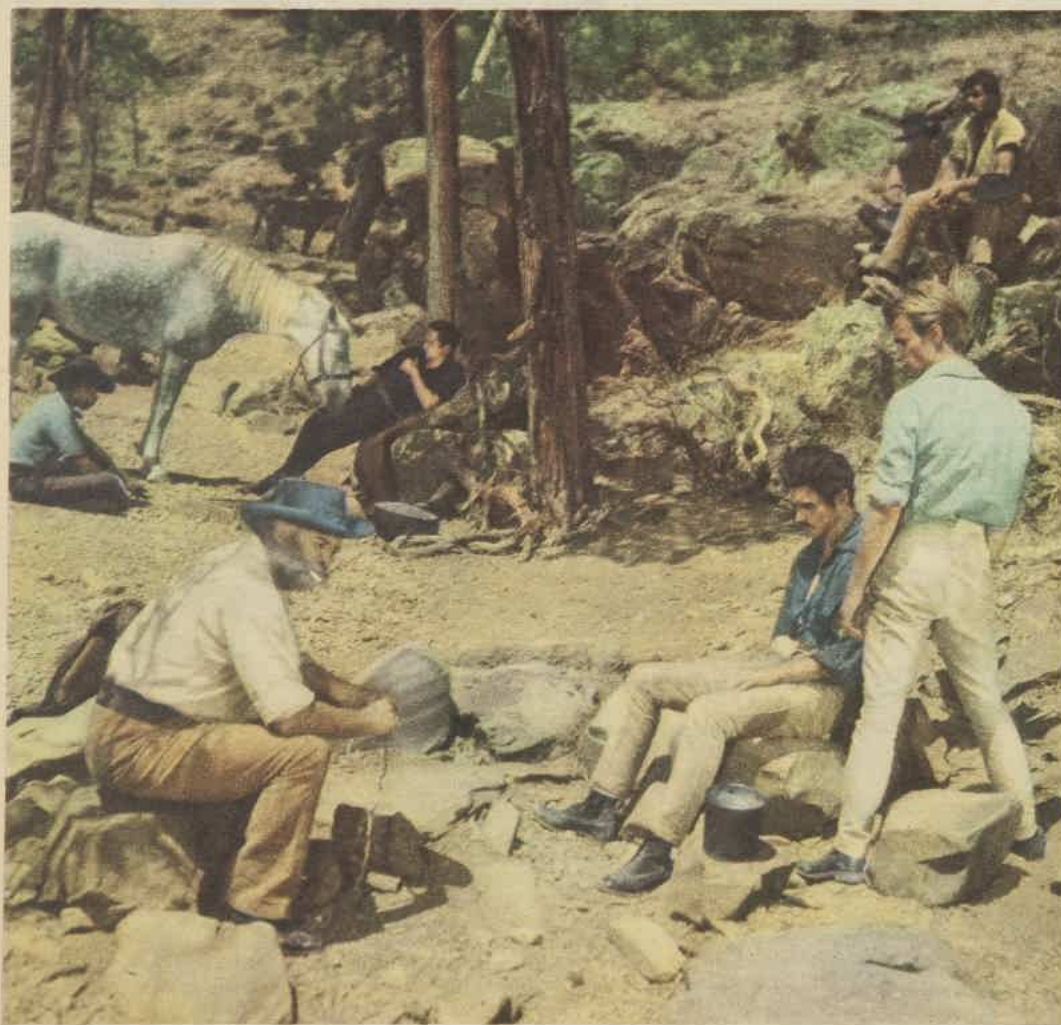
Morning tea of hot buttered scones and afternoon tea of sweet and savory biscuits were taken down to the members, plus cool drinks galore and urns of tea.

There was quite a bit of fun in "The Hollow" besides very hard work. Director Jack Lee's nimble wit and sharp eyes missed nothing as he kept the film-making rolling. He asked the impossible and got it.

By
FREDA YOUNG
staff reporter



SPECTACULAR WATER-CROSSING of 1300 head of cattle supposedly stolen by Captain Starlight (Peter Finch) was staged on the Darling River near Bourke. While members of the film unit, headed by Director Jack Lee, of "A Town Like Alice" fame, worked in scorching heat, townspeople from Bourke picnicked under the coolibah trees nearby. The cattle, all shorthorns, were brought in by drovers in two separate mobs from Mount Howard and the Channel Country for this film scene.



HIDEOUT FOR THE BUSHRANGERS in "The Hollow." In the foreground are Dad (Ben) Marston (Laurence Naismith) and his sons Dick (Ronald Lewis) and Jim (David McCallum). Captain Starlight, with his horse, Rainbow, and aboriginal servant, Warrigal (Johnny Cadell), lounges in the background, and from the rocks at right Moran and Burke, the "baddies," watch them all sullenly. The film omits the character of Aileen Marston, who had a sneaking regard for Captain Starlight in Rolf Boldrewood's novel on which the film is based.



AUSTRALIAN movie find 21-year-old Ursula Finlay plays the role of the Storefield girl, Gracie, who marries Jim, one of the Marston boys. A former Sydney girl, Ursula some months ago married Olyett Woodhouse, of Vaucluse, N.S.W. Ursula returned to London with the unit.

Aussie stars in film

"If that rock is in the way, get a crow-bar," he would shout cheerfully. When late in the afternoon some branches of a tree got in the way of the sunshine, he ordered, "Cut them down." Then when the "take" was finished, "You can put those branches back now."

On a snap decision of the director, carpenters climbed up the side of a hill to build a wooden rostrum on a ledge of rock to take a looking-into-the-ravine shot of Starlight's descent to the deserted campfire and loneliness, after the Marston brothers had left the gang for the goldfields.

It took about three-quarters of an hour to build the imposing-looking structure at the right slant and to erect a ramp down the gap in the rocks. The unit worked like a well-disciplined army, with everyone springing to the job on hand.

For the make-up men, Bob Lawrance and his assistant, Ross Hawthorn, there was an almost non-stop routine throughout the day of spraying the actors' faces and limbs with "sweat." The heat kept drying it up.

Among scores of other chores, property-man Chick McCarthy had to keep breaking up cigarettes to put in Dad (Ben) Marston's pipe, "because it burns better than pipe tobacco," and to watch that the campfire burned steadily during filming.

I saw continuity girl Marjorie Lavally sewing cross-stitch names on the horse blankets so that the same blanket went on the right horse each day to make her continuity come good. "But don't get the idea I can sew," she said.

It was staggering to see the amount of work done each day and to learn from one of the executives that on an average a day's work yields two and a half minutes of film.

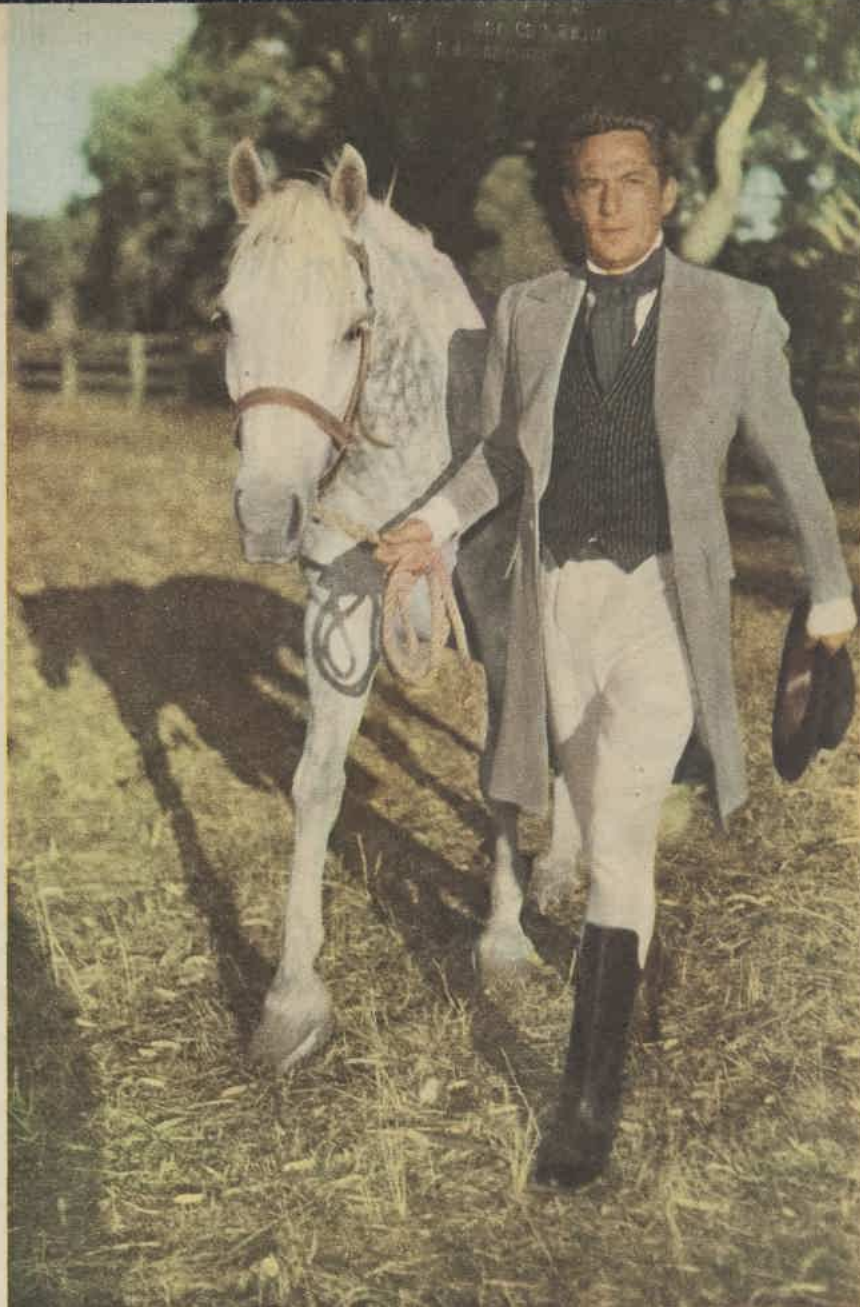
This point was brought home to us when we recalled having seen on our way from Adelaide the picturesque Marston homestead, out-houses, and hay-waggon the unit had built and left behind on the dusty Willochra Plains.

STAFF reporter Helen Frizell, who was with the unit at Bourke, added this description of the shooting of the cattle-crossing scene pictured on the opposite page:

Director Jack Lee, mounted on a thorough-



ABOVE. Johnny Cadell, who plays Starlight's aboriginal servant, Warrigal, is a well-known show and rodeo horseman. **RIGHT:** Leading the police grey, Velox, Peter Finch steps out in the costume Starlight wears to the sale at which he gets high prices for the cattle he has stolen.



bred, megaphoned through cupped hands to send orders in an impeccable English accent ringing across the Darling.

Swimsuited camera crews under trees or atop trucks got ready as the mob appeared on the far bank, driven by Starlight, his henchmen, and drovers.

Stockwhips cracked, dust rose, men yelled, and above it all the voice of Mr. Lee shouted, "Shall we go, shall we? When you're turning, give the signal. Into it!"

Cameras whirled as in wedge formation the cattle converged on the river and slid down into it. Swimming, they strung out in a long line, only their heads above water. Everything was silent. Even the beasts, saving their breath, scarcely bellowed.

On the opposite bank they shook themselves like great dogs, climbed the slope, and moved slowly into the shade.

The scene had taken ten minutes to shoot.

Three Australian players returned with the unit for studio work at Pinewood—the star, Peter Finch, and finds Ursula Finlay and Johnny Cadell.

With filming ended, "Robbery" is now being readied for an October release.

Indications point to an Australian world premiere, perhaps in Adelaide.



DRAMATIC scene of stage-coach hold-up by Starlight (in black) and his gang was given realism during shooting when the horses bolted, with camera and crew aboard. They all escaped injury.

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1 ROGER THURSBY (Ian Carmichael), centre, happily envisages his first steps up the legal ladder now that he has been called to the Bar. His parents (Henry Longhurst and Edith Sharpe) have high hopes for Roger, too.



2 SHARING DIGS with Roger is Henry Marshall (Richard Attenborough), left, a fellow barrister. Their friendship, smooth on a professional plane, is temporarily ruffled when they both fall for a pretty model upstairs.

NEW BRITISH FARCE



3 HURLED into the deep end of the legal pool only 24 hours after being taken on as a pupil by Kendall Grimes, Q.C. (Miles Malleon), Roger carries on nervously. The result is shattering to both Roger and Grimes.

★ Britain's Boulting Brothers, the movie-makers who made that riotous Army farce "Private's Progress" not so long ago, give British law and justice a thorough ribbing in "Brothers In Law," their new comedy.

"Brothers In Law" has the same team of comedians as the first film. They are Ian Carmichael, Richard Attenborough, and Terry Thomas.

On this occasion, Ian Carmichael portrays a solicitor who is just beginning his legal career. The story tells of the many pitfalls he encounters along the way to success.

Glamorous Jill Adams has the leading feminine role.

Veterans Miles Malleon and Raymond Huntley, and Olive Sloane, Nicholas Parsons, and John Le Mesurier play supporting roles in this 20th Century-Fox release.



4 RIVALRY grows between Roger and Henry over Sally Smith (Jill Adams), the pretty model. Sally seems to like Roger best and persuades her father, a well-known solicitor, to give him work. But he muffs the chance.



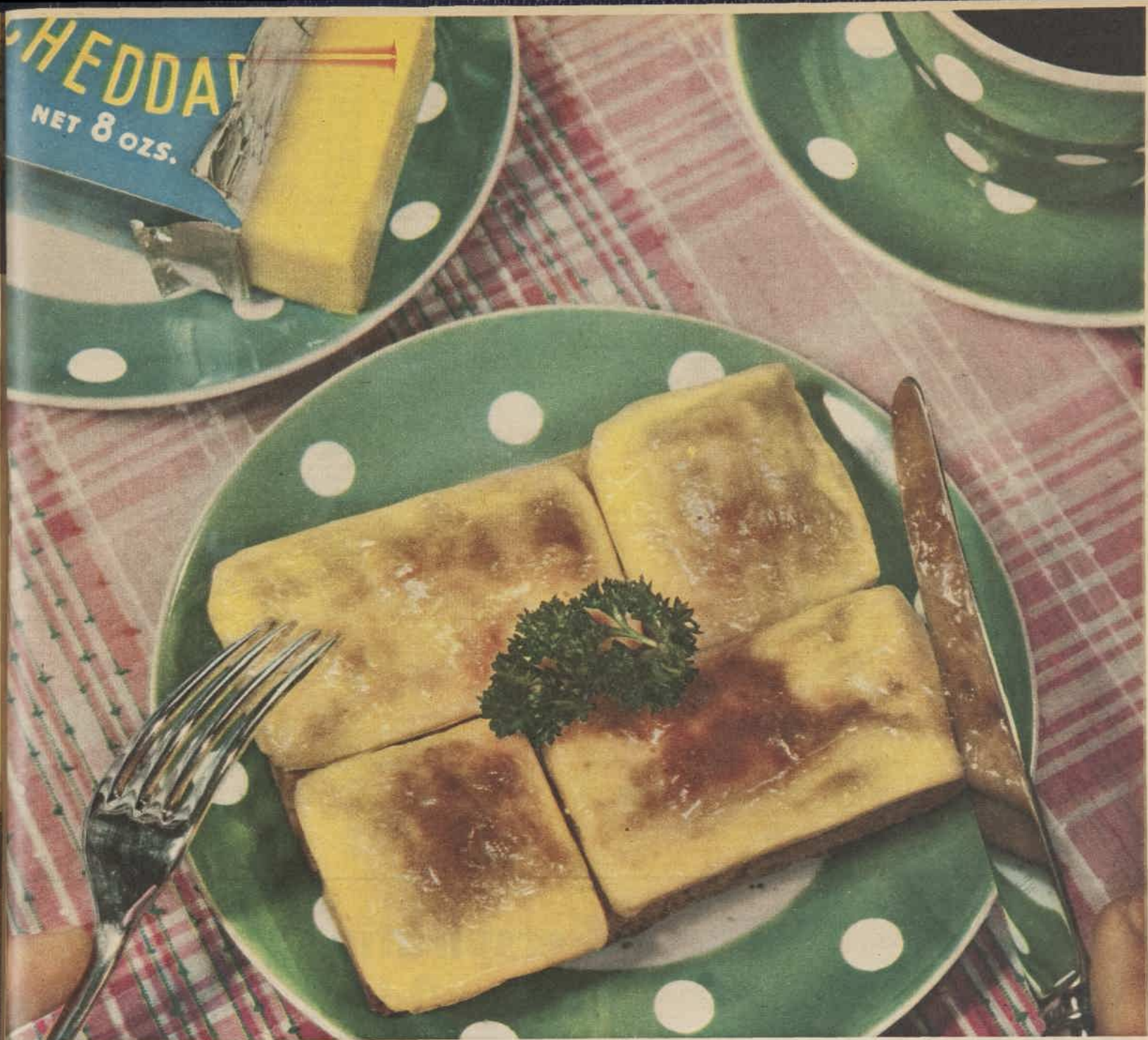
5 GOLF DAY, at which Roger hopes to meet someone who may help his career, is chaotic. A poor golfer, he ruins the game for Judge Ryker (John Le Mesurier), and feels so unpopular that he thinks about giving up.



6 SUCCESS eventually crowns Roger when he fills in for Henry and manages to win a slander case against Mr. Frost (George Rose), a racing journalist, in his own home town. He is heard by his mother and father and friends.



7 HAPPY ENDING. Now well on the path to success, both Roger and Henry, their friendship restored, are surprised when Sally marries their best friend. They brighten, however, at the arrival upstairs of lovely twin sisters.



What a nourishing way to start the day. Kraft Cheddar grilled on toast is a sustaining breakfast and grills to golden perfection in seconds!

A tasty, satisfying breakfast — and so easy to serve — “grilled cheese on toast”

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Daily 'AKTA-VITE' generates zestful health through greater intake of the essential vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Only in 'AKTA-VITE' can stated and guaranteed quantities of the important vitamins A, B₁, C and D that your body needs, be obtained in the form of chocolate-malt flavoured granules.

The wonder of vitamins and the tremendous contributions they make to real health . . . an Australian achievement in nutrition . . . what thousands of mothers have found 'AKTA-VITE' will do for their husbands, children and themselves . . . what it will do for convalescents, the elderly and those under severe strain of work.

MOST of us who think ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then and sometimes can't sleep", or "I seem to be off my food".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural — just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living, but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is, in many cases, a matter of good nutrition.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

Do we get enough vitamins?

Following are some common, everyday reasons why we may not:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are often lost through exposure of the food to light and air in the shop.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals — pie or

toast, etc., — of little or no vitamin value.

- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins — expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin-deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

'AKTA-VITE' gives you the vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned — A, B₁, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE', if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, will soon

feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind — a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE' makes an excellent hot or cold milk drink — but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways — sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

What is good nutrition?

It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food — it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and is absolutely essential for maximum health.

A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

What vitamins do

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at great length, but a good general understanding can be gained from the following:—

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and in enabling us to get full value from the food we eat. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment, but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B₁, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B₁ is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B₁ is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

Everyone in your family can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

For strenuous sports

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

For 'energy burners'

There are many people who,



either because of their serious, conscientious nature or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimu-

lating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep.

For convalescents

The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

For striving students and adolescents

Rapid growth and long hours of study may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In



ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

For the housewife

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

For expectant mothers

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also

'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.



For early growth

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.



FREE SAMPLE

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a power for health Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 3d a day.

curiously and said quietly:
"What made you do it?"

"Do what?"
"Say you'd marry the poor fellow."

She turned on him impatiently.

"I wish you'd stop this poor-fellow, poor-fellowing," she said. "He's a coward and a weakling, and you know it."

"Well, of course," he agreed amiably. "One can see at a glance. So what made you think that he'd make good husband material?"

"Oh . . ." Jessica walked to one of the wicker chairs, sat down, and leaned back wearily. "I don't know. Yes, I do know. It seems silly now, when we know all about his aunt and the money and the way he used it, but in June, in Jersey . . . well, he was different."

"He was the same — but you didn't lift up the lid and look."

"Why should I? He was presentable; he was nice to look at; going out with him was fun. You can laugh if you like, but when he's not being frightened out of his life, he's got a—sort of charm. He's got good manners. Having doors thrown open for you and having your hand kissed mayn't be a good basis for matrimony, but it adds up on the credit side. He seemed to me attractive. And what's hardest of all to believe at this moment is that he didn't seem in the least overawed by my father."

"My father can be much more terrifying than the Comtesse, and most young men used to shake in their shoes — but Hubert didn't seem worried. So, of course, I thought that he was as brave as a lion. Now I know that it was simply because he didn't think my father could do him any harm."

"But you weren't sure of him — or why the smuggling act?"

"My father's own habit of ensuring a retreat. But now it's all over; it's done with, and I don't see why I should have my unfortunate love affair dragged out and hung up for

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

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everybody to examine. Why can't Hubert go away?"

Without hesitation Sebastian answered, "My own feeling is that he blames you — subconsciously — for the whole thing. If he hadn't met you and if you hadn't shown signs of falling for him he probably wouldn't have proposed to you. You said you'd marry him and the rest followed inevitably. If you hadn't skipped off with the car he'd at least have had something out of the wreck."

"Well, the car's at the chateau, isn't it? As Hubert pointed out to me, all that anybody has to do is take the keys off the peg in the kitchen when Leon isn't looking, hand them to Hubert, and let him drive away."

"He'd be picked up by the police."

"You really think she'd put them on to him?"

"I'm certain of it. She doesn't like him and she doesn't feel the smallest sense of duty towards him."

"You mean she'd actually let the poor fellow —?"

"Now you've caught it," said Sebastian.

"But he's come to appeal to Francine, and he'll hang round here waiting for her to do something for him, or think of something for him, or arrange something for him."

"Yes. Unless we do it, or think of it, or arrange it. Any ideas?"

"Only to give him the car, and you've ruled that out."

"What he really needs is a good steady job."

"Who'd give him one?"

"Nobody."

"So now what?"

He put out a hand and drew her to her feet.

"A drink," he said. "Do you know that it's Monsieur d'Arnaud's birthday tomorrow?"

"Yes, I know—but why the drink today?"

"Joas and I brought along some champagne for the dinner in his honor tomorrow, but I think it would be a good idea to get some more for tomorrow

and to open a bottle now and pour a little of it into Hubert."

Jessica's eyebrows went up. "As a reward for stealing his aunt's money?"

"As compensation for losing your father's." Sebastian opened the front door with a flourish and lifted her hand to his lips. "That's how you like it, isn't it?" he inquired.

Jessica made no reply. Hubert was coming down the stairs, and she waited for him; as she stood, Celine came out of the kitchen and rang the bell for lunch.

They gathered round the table, Maurice in his favorite place between Joas and Sebastian.

All went well until the champagne was opened—and then Hubert, after one sip, put down his glass and burst into tears. Weeping, he looked round the circle of faces.

"YOU are so kind," he said brokenly. "You are being kind to me, and my aunt, who should be kind, does nothing."

"Well, don't cry; drink up," said Sebastian kindly.

"Why are you crying if we are kind?" asked Maurice in bewilderment.

Hubert accepted Joas' handkerchief, dried his tears, and answered the question soberly.

"You are not my relations," he explained, "and so you need not have champagne for me. It is for my aunt to do this. But she, who should look after me, does not do so."

"The Comtesse?"

"Yes. She has taken away my car."

"But you could get it back," suggested Maurice. "She took away our table, but we took it back again."

"That was not quite the same," said Francine. "If you have finished your fruit, Maurice, you need not remain at the table."

Maurice left, but with less

alacrity than usual. With a frowning, backward glance at Hubert which showed genuine concern for his distress, he made his way to his grandfather's sitting-room and looked round the door.

"I may come in, Grandpere?"

"Come in, of course," said Monsieur d'Arnaud.

Maurice went in and sat cross-legged on the carpet at his grandfather's feet, and the old man looked down at him with a smile. The relationship between the two was one of great delicacy and restraint and—doubtless for these reasons—of great harmony. Maurice found his way several times a day to the little sitting-room, but he did not stay long; a pleasant chat, a short exchange of news and no more; the two seemed to have an unspoken agreement on the matter.

Each seemed to know that, agreeable though the company of the other was, it was a pleasure to be taken briefly and intermittently. They looked at each other with respect, with affection, and perhaps with a little fear; their friendship was fragile and had to be handled gently.

"Hubert is sad," began Maurice. "His aunt has taken away his car. You know Hubert?"

"I knew him when he was a young boy."

"Was his aunt unkind to him when he was a young boy?"

"That is something that I do not know very much about," said Monsieur d'Arnaud gently.

"Have you had a pleasant morning?"

"We found the kittens. The mother cat had hidden them away, but we found them. Henri's mother says that they are six weeks old. There are six kittens."

"Will six people be found to take these six kittens which are six weeks old?"

"Henri's mother is going to ask. Can I have one, Grandpere?"

"But you are going back to Jersey, to your mother and father, in two weeks. You will

not be able to take the kitten with you. The laws of Jersey do not permit it."

"It is something called quarantine?"

"Yes. So perhaps it would be better if you did not have a kitten until you are again in Jersey. Did you visit Madame Seyboule?"

"No. She has locked her gate because all the boys walked too much upon the grass."

"That was unwise; she has been very kind to you all, and if you anger her, see how much pleasure you lose. You must tell her that you are sorry."

"We told her. She says that we must be sorry until the grass grows again. Tante Francine says that she will bake some things for her and I will take them."

"That is a very good idea."

"And I saw Madame Jules," said Maurice after a pause.

"Ah!" Monsieur d'Arnaud's voice changed subtly. The exclamation was soft and prolonged and had an undertone of tenderness. "And what was she wearing?"

"She was wearing"—Maurice closed his eyes as an aid to memory—"a pink dress with lace."

"Yes; I think that is a dress I know; with lace?"

"Yes, with lace. And with a big hat. So big. She sent you her compliments."

Monsieur d'Arnaud put the tips of his fingers together and nodded with pleasure; eyes half-closed he was picturing Madame Jules in her pink dress and shady hat. He smiled; how charming, how elegant she always looked. He would see her tomorrow, on his birthday; he would perhaps allow himself the pleasure of an extra visit to make up for the ones he had missed since his little accident in the wagon. The time had gone slowly; she had, of course, sent messages, but that was not the same . . .

Madame Jules was his own age and had spent her girlhood at Cloisy, within a stone's throw of the village. She was the widow of his greatest friend, Jules Kramer; she had been known upon her marriage as

Madame Jules, to distinguish her from her mother-in-law, Madame Kramer. Old Madame Kramer was long since dead, but Madame Jules remained in the village.

On her husband's death, Monsieur d'Arnaud had written to Paris, where she had lived since her marriage; her home, he told her, which had been sold, was now once more in the market; if she wished to buy it he would arrange all the details for her.

The widow had come to Cloisy, pale and drooping. The years had restored her health and her looks; they had also restored her spirits, which were lively. As her smile increased, so, it was clear, did the admiration of Monsieur d'Arnaud. Always her friend, and her husband's, he saw her by degrees in another light. There had grown up between them a relationship as delicate as a balance scale, as that existing between himself and Maurice.

Every evening before dinner, in winter, after dinner in summer, he walked to the great stone house—a toy chateau, in which she lived. He stayed perhaps an hour, drinking a little wine and listening to her chatter. Every Sunday she lunched at Marielle. There might be other meetings, other arrangements, but his evening visits and her weekly ones never varied. The whole village approved of the affair; the thing was elegant old widower, the prettiest well-dressed, smiling widow. Nobody seemed to expect more or less; her wealth, it was thought, separated them; her wealth and his pride. The village understood perfectly.

Monsieur d'Arnaud's agreeable reverie was brought to an end by the appearance of a figure in the open doorway. Looking up he saw with astonishment that it was Hubert.

There was a moment's pause. Many visitors found their way to the sitting-room, but Hubert had never made one of the number and was not likely to be under the impression that he would be welcome.

But though Hubert stood

To page 47

When you see curves ahead make

RYVITA

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The modern way to lose weight and gain energy.

If a tight zipper or too-tight waistband is warning you that the pounds have been creeping up on you, now — this very day — is the time to act! Make Ryvita your daily crispbread and in no time you'll be looking your best in today's trim fashions. There's no need to go on a tiresome, weakening diet, no need to buy expensive slimming preparations. Just enjoy crunchy Ryvita — and lose weight the healthy way.

It takes rye to satisfy.

No other crispbread can help you control your appetite — and your weight — like Ryvita, because no other Australian crispbread is made from rye. Ryvita makes it easy to say no to fattening extras, and its whole-rye minerals, vitamins and proteins step up your energy at the same time. Excess pounds are burnt up in exercise.

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Ryvita is all nourishment, good for everyone, from growing youngsters to waist-line-watching adults. And Ryvita is delicious with everything you serve. Make it your daily crispbread!



Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 46

not know what screen it was, but from my aunt's anxiety I know she wanted them to make a pair. And from this I know how I have disappointed her. She wanted a pair of screens, and through my stupidity she got only one. And now I wish to repair my mistake and get her the screen which belongs to the Marquis de Moelle."

"But the screen was sold in Paris. You yourself—"

"The screen was not sold, Monsieur. I thought that you would know this. I thought that Madame Jules would have told you."

"I have not seen Madame Jules since the day of the sale."

"The screen was withdrawn, Monsieur. The sale was not well attended because the strike was already beginning; buyers who were to come by train could not come. So, for this, many things were withdrawn, and among them the screen of the Marquis de Moelle. And it came to me, Monsieur, that if you could approach Madame Jules on my behalf, she would ask her cousin if he would allow me to arrange that my aunt should buy it. He is, as you know, Monsieur, selling much of his property at La Rochelle; the screen will be offered for sale there."

"If I can say to my aunt that it is arranged that, through my efforts, the Marquis has consented to make terms with her for the purchase of the screen, she will perhaps forgive me for not having carried out her instructions. She is angry with me now. She wanted the screen very much, but she will of course learn that it was not sold. If then I can prove to her that I have . . . that the screen . . ."

He fell silent, his eyes fixed anxiously on the older man's face; his lips were trembling with suspense, or with the fear of a rejection.

Monsieur d'Arnaud said quietly, "When I see Madame Jules tomorrow I will tell her what you have said. I will not

see her tonight; my doctor has forbidden me to walk until tomorrow. I will tell her what you have said. More than that I will not do."

Hubert rose to his feet in relief and began to utter stammered thanks. Monsieur d'Arnaud's upraised hand checked him. Bowing his foreheads, he walked backwards out of the room and into the garden. There was no sign of Francine there or in the house; leaving a message of farewell with Celine, he went away.

Francine, with the others, had risen from the lunch table shortly after Hubert left it. They had walked across the lane and now they were sitting on the grass in one of the clearings in the woods, talking of Hubert. Joss was saying little, and at last Francine looked across at him and spoke questioningly.

"You do not say very much; I think perhaps that you do not like Hubert? You think, perhaps, that he should not cry?"

Joss smiled at her. "Frenchmen always cry," he teased. "They cry when they're happy and they cry—like Hubert—when they're miserable. Isn't that so?"

"Joss," said Jessica, "think we're all making too much fuss over Hubert. Don't you, Joss?"

"I think"—Joss hesitated and then went on more firmly—

"I think we're all being a little too sentimental. If we stopped lending him handkerchiefs and tried to find him a job to do it might be more to the point. I don't want to sound too harsh, but he emerges—doesn't he?—as a man who tried to marry a girl for her money, and stole some of his aunt's. If he were crying from remorse I'd have nothing to say—but he isn't; he's crying because he didn't get what he was after."

"You think," asked Francine, "that we should send him away?"

"No. That is, yes, but not without trying to do something for him. But so far nobody has said anything to him about helping himself. He may look pathetic, but he's a man of twenty-five, and that's too old, in my view, to cry just because he hasn't been successful in doing people down."

"All right; so we try to be practical," said Sebastian. "We try to think of something that'll put him on his two feet. Well, he can't start out in business because he hasn't any capital, and his aunt certainly won't give him any."

"What he wants to do," said Jessica, "is to live at the chateau—not necessarily as its owner, but as a—well, a sort of caretaker. He loves the chateau. I think it's the only strong passion he'll ever have. And, although I'm sorry he picked on me, I think his idea of marrying money and using it to lever himself into the chateau wasn't a bad idea. Isn't there any girl round here who'd like to swap a bank-roll for life in a chateau?"

"I don't know one," said Francine.

"Well, what have we got?" summed up Sebastian. "He wants to live at the chateau and is even prepared to go to the length of working for the Comtesse in order to be allowed to live there. But he's put himself into a position from which he can't hope to bargain. The only way he can get round his aunt now is by a bit of blackmail. Francine, is there anything in her past that wouldn't bear investigation?"

Francine shook her head a shade reluctantly.

"No. She is mean and selfish, but my father says that she has done nothing wicked."

"It wouldn't have to be wicked; just indiscreet would do," said Sebastian. "Well, blackmail's out. Joss seems to have an idea—I can see it budding."

"I was only wondering," said

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Fashion FROCKS



● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harrie St., Ultimo, Syd. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

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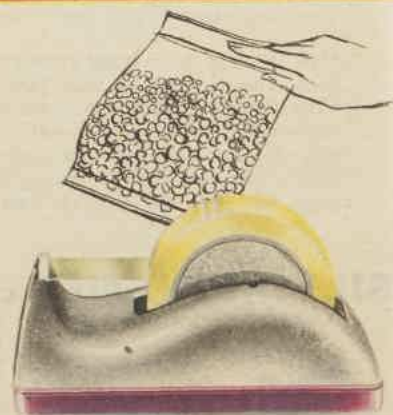
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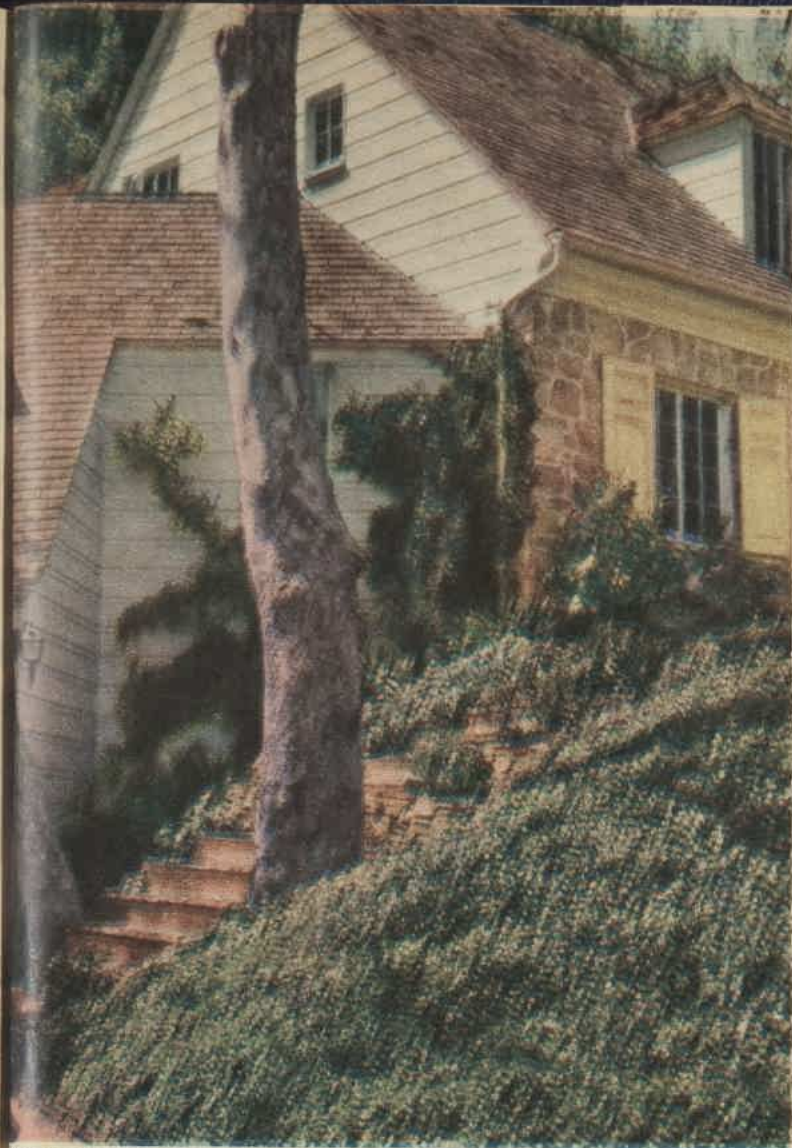


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STRAWBERRY LAWN fills this "hard-to-cut" slope. The bright green leaves make an effective background to the garden, and when the fruit ripens it looks even more attractive. This picture by Stirling Macaboy, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRIES — FOR EFFECT AND FLAVOR

Strawberries are a most adaptable garden crop. They can be grown in rows or beds, in picturesque barrels, or as a strawberry lawn.

THE idea of a strawberry lawn has been used with great success in California, U.S.A. Such a lawn is particularly good for hard-to-cut banks or at the bottom of a garden among shrubs where it is difficult to keep an ordinary lawn clipped and neat.

A strawberry lawn needs a sunny, well-drained position in the garden.

The plants need clean soil and don't like being disturbed once they get under way, so start by preparing the ground thoroughly.

If pink-flowered oxalis or onion weed are present, spray with maleic hydrazide three times within ten days, and seedlings should disappear in a few weeks.

For the control of grasses and most other weeds, spray them with T.C.A. (sodium trichloro-acetate). This is the best control. This, however, will sterilise the soil for three

months, after which it can be used.

Manure the ground lightly, dig in, and then set out plants.

Strawberries can be planted out almost year-round, except in the hottest months. April to September are the best.

In growing a big crop for fruiting only, not just a strawberry lawn, select large plants with plenty of leaves.

GARDENING

The best varieties of strawberries to grow are Hawkesbury, Creswell's Seedling, Etersburgh, Illawarra, and Phenomenal, but in some southern States King Edward VII and Douglas Special are favorites.

Strawberries require maximum sunlight and heat before their fruit will ripen. In windy districts windbreaks of tea-trees or paling fences should be erected on the windward sides or the fruit may become

gritty and soiled when gales blow.

For best results give the plants ample water, particularly during flowering and fruiting. Once the main crop (usually spring-early summer) has ended, the watering can be eased off, and rain can be relied on to keep the plants in good condition.

During heatwaves, however, plants should be watered regularly; and in winter, during long spells of dry, windy weather, the plants often die out without regular watering.

At the flowering stage mulch the plants with tan bark or chopped straw to keep the fruits from becoming gritty and dirty. Be on guard against slugs and snails, which can ruin the fruits as soon as they start to color up.

Birds of many kinds — for instance, currawongs, bower birds, starlings, bulbuls, and silver-eyes — will often ruin promising crops.

A precaution is to cover the rows with "tents" made by doubling small-mesh (1/2 in.) wire-netting. Close the ends, too, or these feathered thieves will gain easy access.

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Joss slowly, "if there wasn't some way in which he could do his aunt a good turn."

"Good turn?" echoed Sebastian. "Where do you think that would get him?"

"You're not thinking he could soften her heart, are you?" asked Jessica.

"No. I wasn't thinking in terms of affection," said Joss. "He could only get at her from her vulnerable side—her business side. If he could put some money in her way—or some business in her way—"

"Or some furniture in her way. Furniture!" Sebastian brought out the word triumphantly. "Furniture! If there was any way in which Hubert could get between her and a coveted bit of furniture..."

"How about the sale next week?" asked Joss.

"Let's all concentrate," said Sebastian. "There's a sale next week at La Rochelle, and the Comtesse will undoubtedly be at it. So we drive her there and she starts to bid. And what does she find? She finds Hubert there, outbidding her."

There was a pause.

"Well, go on," prompted Jessica at last. "Hubert's there, outbidding her. Outbidding her with what? Money? Where's the money?"

"Why does it have to be money?" asked Sebastian.

"Why can't—"

"Bluff?" asked Joss. "I don't think he'd have the nerve for it."

"Why wouldn't he?" asked Jessica. "He keeps his nerve well enough if he thinks things are going well. When he met me at St. Malo, did he look nervous or anxious? Not a bit. He looked—"

"—possessive," said Sebastian. "If only we could get that look on his face when the bidding was reaching the sky."

"Then what?" asked Francine. "Suppose that the Comtesse will not bid higher?"

"We all know her. Do any of us imagine for one moment," asked Sebastian, "that she would drop out and let the despised Hubert buy something that she wanted? If it was a piece of furniture she really liked she'd hang on to the end. If she didn't particularly like it, she'd hang on to spite Hubert."

Joss said, "But we've got to assume that she may drop out. Then Hubert would be left holding the baby."

"The baby grand," corrected Sebastian. "The risk isn't worth considering. I think we should put the thing to Francine's father and ask whether he thinks it would work or not."

"If his aunt sees Hubert at the sale," said Joss, "won't she call the police?"

"Not unless he'd got hold of the green car again," said Sebastian.

Jessica, about to suggest disguising Hubert in the theatrical whiskers he had worn in the shrubbery of the chateau, changed her mind and remained silent. There was something in the discussion which had become earnest, if not serious.

They were talking over the matter with a real desire to assist Hubert. Why this should be so, she was at a loss to decide; she herself, she realised, might have felt some sense of responsibility for what had befallen him, and Francine might regard him as an old friend who had never been given a chance to make something of himself—but to the two men he could only appear as a somewhat ridiculous figure whose troubles were no concern of theirs.

A feeling of gratitude, strong but undefined, rose in her. It was nice of them, she told herself, to worry about him. This led her to conclude that they were both rather nice men, and she pondered the conclusion for some time. She had had her doubts about Sebastian, but

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there was no sign at this moment of his normally flippant and sometimes arrogant manner.

He looked up, and she met his eyes and smiled. It was a smile of apology for thinking less well of him than he merited, and she was unaware of how much warmth there was in the look.

"All right," Sebastian rose. "For the moment we'll shelve it, but I think we've got on to something. It may have a faintly melodramatic flavor, but Monsieur d'Arnaud might tone it down a bit. Who wants a walk?"

The four walked through the woods in the direction of Lysaine; this time, Francine and Joss walked ahead and the other two followed.

"He's a nice man," said Jessica thoughtfully, looking at Joss' tall form.

"Who—Joss? Of course," agreed Sebastian. "Do you know something? I've never, since I've known him, seen him so—so sociable. He's shy; you can't get him to stay in the party as a general rule. You get him in, surround him with presentable girls, and the next thing you know he's well outside the circle, observing but not contributing. Here, there hasn't been any sign of his wanting to slide out and be on his own. And the reason is walking beside him now."

"Francine?"

"Yes."

time in some other place—Do you often come to London?"

"About twice a year. You wouldn't get Joss and Francine to London, would you? Somehow I can't see either of them in a night-club."

"You wouldn't get Joss into one. Or if you did, he'd take one look at the cover charge and head for the door. And I think Francine would, too; she's got a nice French thriftiness. I don't know much about her father's circumstances, but it's clear that Francine rocks the purse strings."

"She has to," explained Jessica. "Her father, she told me, is a spender, and there's not much to spend. So they've got an arrangement: he asks, and she tells him whether he can have it or not. He wants a car, but Francine says they can't afford one and I believe her."

"I'd hate to see her in a car," said Sebastian thoughtfully. "Joss did a sketch of her—from memory. She was in the wagon and he'd splashed on the color and it looked pretty effective."

"We're going for a picnic in the wagon tomorrow," said Jessica. "To celebrate Monsieur d'Arnaud's birthday—only he isn't coming."

"I gather there's a small but festive dinner party for him."

"It's nothing really festive,

two girls, rather than at the beauty surrounding them.

Nobody knew what brought the Comtesse to the pink house on the following morning.

The wagon was before the gate, loaded with picnic baskets from which protruded bottles of wine. The horse, pawing the ground impatiently, stood still and seemed to stare in astonishment as the yellow car drove up the lane and halted before it; Leon, from the driving seat, stared back impassively. Maurice, seated in the wagon holding the reins, looked startled. Joss and Sebastian, in the garden, looked incredulous; only Francine, coming out of the front door with Maurice's macintosh over her arm, gave no sign. She glanced at Joss and Sebastian and they opened the gate and the car door and assisted the visitor to alight.

"Good morning," said the Comtesse with a nod of the head that included all present. "I see that you are going to have a picnic. I should not have refused if you had invited me; it would have been a good return, I think, for the picnic which I gave to you the other day. Which is more, I should have brought the car and then you would not have had to go in that wagon that fell into a ditch. I would not think it safe to sit behind such a horse. Mademoiselle"—she turned to Francine—"I have come to inquire for your father after his accident."

Nobody believed her for a moment; even the horse gave an incredulous snort. But the Comtesse was advancing up the path—and then the door of Monsieur d'Arnaud's sitting-room opened and he came towards her with his slow, light, unhurried tread. She extended a hand and he bent courteously over it.

"It is pleasant out of doors," he said. "Shall we sit down?"

The pronoun, it became clear, included not only himself and the Comtesse; he was placing seats for Francine and for Jessica, who came into the garden and stopped short upon seeing the Comtesse. He sent a brief look towards Joss and Sebastian, and there was something in it that told them that they, too, were to be members of the group seated round the Comtesse.

There was a pause during which everybody wondered whether the news of Hubert's visit had reached his aunt. Though she seldom came to Cloisy, she was not above shopping there occasionally in order to glean items of information concerning the local inhabitants. Hubert, moreover, had exercised little discretion during his visit; fortified by the champagne and the friendliness of all at "Marielle," he had taken a walk round the village and greeted several boyhood acquaintances.

The Comtesse, however, began to speak only of general matters. It became obvious, from her growing impatience, her hints, and her angry glances at Monsieur d'Arnaud, that she had intended to see him alone, but he showed no sign of understanding what she wanted; he had held forth on the weather, the price of food, and was about to launch into some statistics regarding the harvest when the Comtesse broke into his sentence.

"These young ones—are they not going away on their picnic?" she asked in exasperation. "Look at the little boy in the wagon—the horse will become impatient and he will be carried off."

"There is no hurry," said Monsieur d'Arnaud tranquilly. "There is the whole day."

"But for me, no; for me

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"Does he like her?"

"He certainly wouldn't be here if he didn't. I might be the kind of man who'd take two meals a day off a girl I wasn't keen on—but not Joss. She's an easy girl to like."

"Very easy. I've asked her to come and stay with me next time she comes to Jersey."

"If you'll ask me at the same time we can make up the foursome again."

Jessica glanced up at him.

"Somehow," she said thoughtfully, "I've got the idea that Joss isn't the only one who's behaving uncharacteristically."

"Me, too?"

"Yes. I'd say that you were more given to twosomes than to foursomes."

"Two and two make four—don't they? I've tried more than once to interest Joss in girls; I've said: 'I'll have this one and you have that one and we'll all go somewhere or other'—and then I've found that Joss has melted away and I've been left with two women on my hands. And that's why we've come, gradually, to leave women out of our plans; we've gone off driving here and there and kept it strictly stag. And that's why this holiday is peculiarly good; Joss is, so to speak, still with us. That's why I'd like to repeat this at some other

Francine says. Just ourselves and somebody called Madame Jules."

"Young and alluring?"

"Old but attractive, Francine says. She and Monsieur d'Arnaud are having a boy-and-girl romance. He's sweet," said Jessica. "I wouldn't mind having a romance with him myself. Don't you like those cunning little enigmatic glances he sends across the table?"

"Not particularly," said Sebastian. "But I like the old boy. He's the only man I ever met who made me feel that my hands were too big."

"Hands? or head?"

"Hands," repeated Sebastian emphatically.

They came up to the others, who were sitting in a sunny patch. Jessica dropped down beside Francine.

"This is the kind of exercise I like best," she said as she sat down. "Lovely," she murmured. "Simply lovely."

The others looked at her, at her slim, lovely legs, her limp, relaxed body and slender throat.

"Lovely. Simply lovely," repeated Sebastian, looking at the

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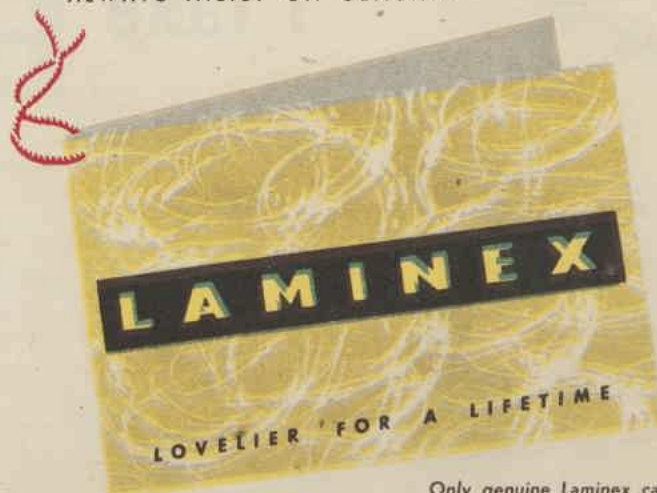


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there is not the whole day," said the Comtesse, losing patience. "I have come to say something to you, Monsieur, and I would like to say it to you only."

Monsieur d'Arnaud raised his shoulders in a deeply regretful gesture. Joss thought that he had never before realised how many things could be said, how much expressed by a shrug. Monsieur d'Arnaud said far more with his shoulders than with his tongue.

"Ah, Comtesse," he said, "if I had known . . ." He took a watch from his pocket and looked at it. "The time . . . already, I regret, I am late for a rendezvous."

There was nothing for the Comtesse to do but rise. She did so with ill-concealed anger and the barest of farewells, and Sebastian escorted her to her car.

"I do not think that this is grateful," she told him, "that you come here every day and stay all day. You owe me something, is it not? First you promise to drive me, but when I looked for you to ask you, where are you? You are here in this house. They cannot want you all this time; it is not polite, I think, to throw yourself on to strangers."

Sebastian made no audible reply. They had reached the car and he was holding the door open. The Comtesse hesitated and then spoke in a different tone.

"There is a sale at La Rochelle next week. I would like you or your friend to drive me."

"We'll both go along," said Sebastian.

"You do not know" — the Comtesse glanced over her shoulder and lowered her voice — "you have not heard if any others are going?"

"No, I haven't," said Sebastian.

"I came here to . . . Well, it does not matter. It does not make any difference. He is too clever, that old d'Arnaud, to give away what he knows."

She got into the car and Leon drove her away, and the drive to the picnic, so disagreeably delayed, went forward swiftly. Sebastian took

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the reins; Maurice was on one side of him and Francine on the other; behind were Jessica and Joss. Celine waved from the doorway; Madame Seyboulle waved from her window; Monsieur d'Arnaud stood at the gate and bowed and smiled; they might have been going away for a month.

When they had gone, Monsieur d'Arnaud turned and went into the house and presently emerged, groomed and elegant, and made his way to the grey stone house. A smile was on his lips; it was his birthday, and in the evening, when the young people returned from the picnic, there would be a small dinner in his honor—but for the moment he was alone and on his way to enjoy an even greater pleasure: lunch with his old friend, Madame Jules.

He went with all the more eagerness since this was his first visit to her since his accident on the way back from Salvan; she had sent him frequent little amusing notes, but that was a poor substitute for the pleasure of watching her as she talked.

A maid admitted him and led him to the green-and-white drawing-room; in a few moments Madame Jules came in, and for a time Monsieur d'Arnaud could do nothing but gaze at her in quiet appreciation. She looked, as usual, charming; once again he was to tell himself that age could be as attractive as youth.

He could not have said what it was about her that gave the impression of undying youthfulness; she dressed well, but her clothes were entirely suitable to her age. It was, he thought, something to do with her easy, gentle, graceful femininity; age could not take away her humor or her quick sympathy or her gay spirit.

She had given him one hand; the other held a small package. "I am glad that you could come this morning, Emile," she said. "I said to myself: 'In some ways, perhaps, he is a very stupid man, but he will not wait until the evening to

come and allow his old friend to greet him.' A happy birthday! Are you feeling better? I would have come to see you, but you know that my cousin and his wife have been here? I could not go without them, and three of us would have been too much. I wish that we could speak on the telephone, for then we could have such long talks! But you would only say 'Yes, No, Yes, No'—it would be so dull! Now I shall give you this little parcel and you must open it and look



inside and see what a kind friend you have in me."

There was a tie-pin inside, long and slender, with a single tiny jewel, ideally suited to its purpose, which was that of securing Monsieur d'Arnaud's snowy cravat. She pinned it on for him and stood surveying him, her head on one side.

"It is perfect," she pronounced. "I should not say so, but it is perfect. Now you may say so, too."

"It is perfect, and you are the kindest woman in the world, but I owe you too much to attempt to put any of it into words."

"Good. Then let us sit and talk of other things. You must have so much to tell me. I

have seen little Maurice. Is he to be with you for long?"

"Not on this visit; he must return in less than two weeks because he and his mother must buy new clothes before school begins. He has grown out of everything."

"You have visitors besides Maurice? My maid told me. If we had no maids, how should we get our news? You said nothing of this when you answered my little notes. Tell me about the visitors."

"Later. There was a visitor this morning, and you will not guess who it was."

your house in order to talk about Hubert?"

"Because Hubert seems to have become, surprisingly, the centre of everybody's attention. Before he came in person to visit us, others had come to remind us of him. First it was a young girl from Jersey; next, two young Englishmen. The garden has looked to me very over-crowded."

"All this has been going on and nobody has come to tell me about it?" asked Madame Jules indignantly. "If I had known that you had kept all this news from me I would not have given you that beautiful pin. Who are these people? When did they come? Why did they come?"

"You are interested in all this?"

"Oh, don't be so infuriating! Talk, talk, talk!"

"Very well. I shall tell you the story clearly. Everything begins with the screen that your cousin sent to the sale in Paris."

"De Moelle?"

"Yes. He told you, I suppose, that it had been withdrawn?"

"Yes. He told me something else, too, but that can wait until I have heard this story. Go on!"

"The Comtesse gave Hubert money to go to the sale in Paris and bid for the screen."

"Then she is losing her wits," said Madame Jules promptly, "or you have got the facts upside-down. She would never trust anybody with money, and she would never dream of trusting Hubert with anything."

Monsieur d'Arnaud said, "But she did. She sent him to the sale in Paris because she herself had to go to an equally important sale in London. So she . . . What is the matter?"

For the second time that morning Madame Jules was regarding him open-mouthed. He waited for her to speak, but she seemed to find difficulty in enunciating.

"The Comtesse . . . went to London?" she brought out at last.

"Yes. What is so extraordinary about that?"

"It is . . ." Madame Jules

stopped and shook her head. "No. You must tell me the story first, and then I shall see that we shall know why the Comtesse went to see you this morning. Go on about Hubert."

"He did not go to the sale. With the money he bought an expensive car. When the Comtesse heard that he had not been at the sale she left London once; she was convinced that if he had found the courage to rob her of her money he would come to the chateau—believe me to be still in London—to steal some of her furniture when she landed at St. Malo. The strike had begun; she bought a broken-down taxi, and later, if you will believe it, another hack of a disagreeable yellow color, and brought the two Englishmen back as chauffeurs."

"But wait a moment," said Madame Jules. "Hubert cannot have done this alone. He is a coward and he is also a thief. He must have had accomplices."

"He acted alone. He had planned to marry the girl from Jersey; she is rich, and the money was bought to impress her. At least, that is what she thinks, but I feel myself that she was money in his hands for the time he was only buying some of the things for which he had loaned all his life."

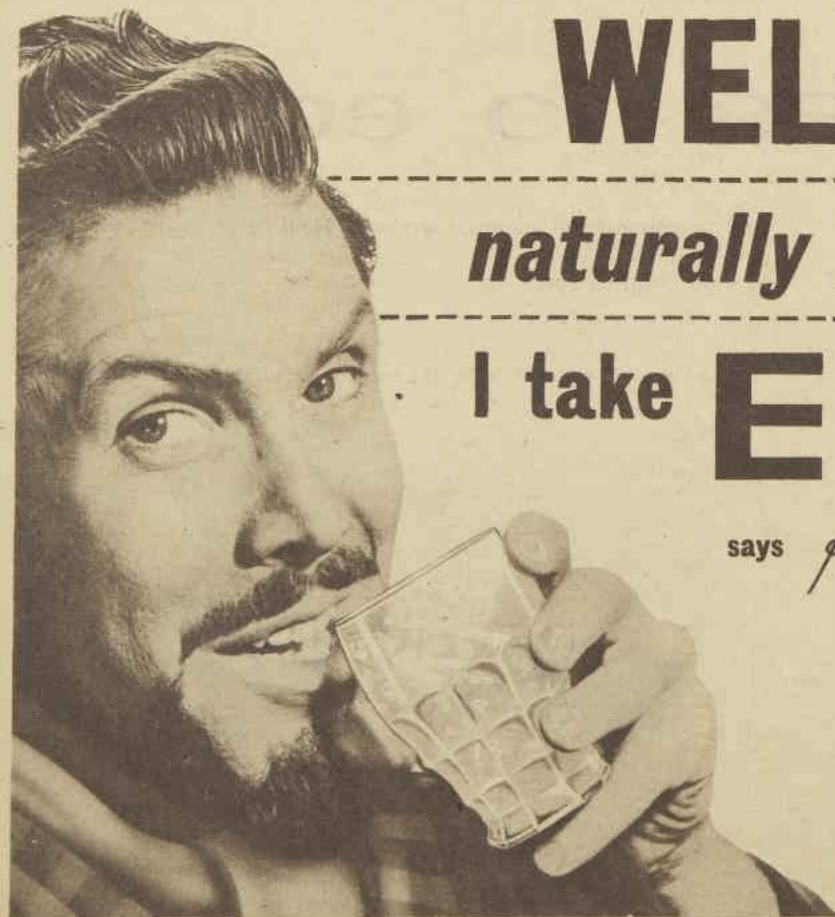
"He bought the car and married the girl?"

"No. He gave himself away at St. Malo, so she drove away in the car and came to the chateau because one of her suitcases had been put by mistake into the Comtesse's car."

Madame Jules stared at him. "This is all very confusing, Emile. If you were Jules, you would accuse you of having drunk the champagne before the feast. If all this has been going on at the chateau, what is it to do with you?"

"One of the Englishmen came from Jersey and was asked to look after Maurice. They brought him in the car, and Francine and I, as you know, were delayed. They got into the

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 19, 1956

LAMOROUS KNITTED BLOUSE

● Knitted blouses are high on the fashion list this year. This one buttons neatly up the front and can be worn with a skirt or under a suit for extra warmth.



A WIDE NECKLINE with a peaked collar, which flatters both face and figure, is a feature of this smart knitted blouse modelled by Australian film star Victoria Shaw.

Materials: A, 7oz.; B, 7oz.; C, 10z. contrasting shade (Villawool "Horizon" wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 10 needles; 8 buttons. Measurements: A—32in. Bust; length 19in. B—34in. Bust; length 19½in. C—36in. Bust; length 20in. Instructions given are for size A, any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses. Tension: 7½ sts. to 1in. Abbreviations: M, main colour; C, contrasting shade.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and M, cast on 84 sts. (B-92 sts.; C-100 sts.).

1st Row: Rib in k 1, p 1 for 20 rows.

2nd Row: Change to No. 10 needles and rib in k 1, p 1, inc. 1 st. each side of every 8th row, 8 times. (110 sts.; B-118 sts.; C-126 sts.)

3rd Row: Cont. even in st-st. until work measures 12in. (12½in.; C-12½in.)

4th Row: Sleeves: Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. (A-142 sts.; B-150 sts.; C-158 sts.)

5th Row: Cont. even in st-st. until edge measures 7in.

6th Row: To Shape Shoulders: Cast on 14 sts. (B-15 sts.; C-16 sts.)

7th Row: Inc. 1 st. at each side of next 8 rows, leaving 30 sts. on spare needle for back of neck.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and M, cast on 62 sts. (B-66 sts.; C-70 sts.).

1st Row: P 20, work to end. Then rib in rib of k 1, p 1.

2nd Row: Work in rib to 20 sts., k 20.

3rd Row: Repeat these two rows until work measures 3½in.

4th Row: Change to st-st. and No. 10 needles, inc. 8 sts. evenly along row (excluding 20 border-sts.).

5th Row: Next Row: P 20, k 1, p 1 to 20 of row.

6th Row: Next Row: K to last 21 sts., k 20.

7th Row: Rep. these two rows, inc. 1 st. every 8th row at side edge, 8 times. (A-78 sts.; B-82 sts.; C-86 sts.)

8th Row: Then cont. even until work measures 12in. (B-12½in.; C-12½in.), ending at side edge.

9th Row: Cap Sleeve: Cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next row and then at 4 sts. at beg. of following 3 alt. rows. (A-94 sts.; B-98 sts.; C-102 sts.)

10th Row: Next Row (front edge): Cast off 20 sts. (border-sts.), then cast on 6 sts. for rever and p to end of row.

11th Row: Rever Shaping: Next Row: to last 9 sts. K 2 tog. K to 1 st. inc. 1 st. in last st.

12th Row: Next Row: Purl.

13th Row: Next Row: K to last 10 sts. 2 tog. K to last st., inc. 1 st. in last st.

14th Row: Next Row: Purl.

15th Row: Cont. in this manner, dec. 1 st. for neck shaping and 1 st. at end of row for rever, until there are 18 dec. neck, then cont. in st-st. about dec. but still inc. 1 st. at rever edge until there are 18 sts. for rever.

16th Row: Next Row: Purl.

17th Row: Shoulder Shaping (sleeve): Cast off 14 sts. (B-15 sts.; C-16 sts.) at the beg. of 1st and alt. 3 rows, leaving 18 sts. on spare needle for rever.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and M, cast on 62 sts. (B-66 sts.; C-70 sts.).



Elegance is the keynote to Mrs. J. Watkins' gracious home in Illeroy Avenue, Killara, N.S.W. Like the other fine pieces in her collection, this lovely dining setting owes its rich lustre to regular protective care with Johnson's Pride. Her beautiful floors are kept beautiful the easy way — with Johnson's self-polishing Glo-Coat.

Wipe on richer lustre with **JOHNSON'S Pride** CONTAINING SILICONE *without rubbing!*



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W.W.11

the house and the Comtesse took away a table."

"But this is absurd!"

"Yes."

"The accident hasn't deranged you?"

"Perhaps. But I am trying to tell you the facts."

"Facts? Facts? The Comtesse, who is the meanest woman on earth, gives Hubert, whom she detests, a large sum of money and takes away a table, and the suitcase is mixed up, the marriage is off, and . . . Emile, you have a fever."

Monsieur d'Arnaud, after some time, succeeded in disentangling for her all the details; Madame Jules then said that it was she and not he who had the fever.

"It is fantastic!" she said. "And what is most fantastic of all is that you do not yet know why the Comtesse called on you this morning."

"You think that you know?" he inquired mildly.

MADAME JULES said, "You shall hear. You know, of course, that de Moelle is selling his house, and everything that is in it, at La Rochelle. It is sad; it is a tragedy, but there is no longer money for two establishments, and I think that he is wise to keep the Paris house and let the one at La Rochelle go. But that is beside the point. The point is only the screens."

"The screen."

"The screens, Emile. There are two, as you should know."

"Two screens?" said Monsieur d'Arnaud slowly.

"A pair of screens. You may have forgotten, Emile, but you certainly knew the story. The screens were a pair, but one of them was lost in the Revolution. Surely you—"

"You know, my dear" — Monsieur d'Arnaud's voice was, for him, almost brisk — "this

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 53

has suddenly become extraordinarily interesting."

"Of course. You know that the Comtesse must have had a very strong reason for going to see you; it was not for love. It was because she has found out—how I cannot tell you—what my cousin also found out: that on the day he was to sell his screen in Paris another was offered for sale in London. It was his wife who, on reading the description of the screen, wondered whether it might be the missing one. But it was the Comtesse who went to London and bought it. You may say what you please about her, Emile, but when it comes to finding out facts of this kind about furniture she has no equal. She knew quite well the screen that was to be sold in Paris; she may have had doubts about the one in London, and for this reason she found it necessary to go herself. She bought the screen—and she finds that Hubert has not bought the pair."

"You can imagine the fury with which she would chase him. I do not think she bought two cars to guard her furniture; they were to bring her back in time to catch him at the chateau and enable her to get her fingers round his throat. And now she has found that the screen, after all, was not sold in Paris. Her reason for going to see you is plain: she wishes to find out whether de Moelle knows that the screens are a pair. She may even wish to persuade you to persuade me to persuade him to sell the second one to her privately."

"Hubert came to me yesterday," said Monsieur d'Arnaud, "and asked me that. He wanted you to use your influence with your cousin."

"He does not know that the screens are a pair?"

"He does not know that they are the pair you speak of. It is probable that he does not know the story. Few people do. The Comtesse would know it because de Moelle would have told her husband and she would have seen the screen that was in the house in Paris. She would remember the story and she would remember the screen; she would have studied it with a dealer's eye. She would be one of the few people who would guess that the screen that was sold in London was the missing one. And if she could have got the two—if she can still get the two—they will be of great value. Why does de Moelle not—"

"Keep the second one? Because rather than part with hers, the Comtesse would have it buried with her. She does not like any of us, Emile. If

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

I thought she would part with it, I would make her an offer, but I know that she would refuse. So all we can do is try to make her pay as dearly as possible for the second one. She will dislike Hubert more than ever for this. He was stupid to offend her so hopelessly; he has put himself for ever in the wrong. Poor Hubert! . . . What are you laughing at?"

"At you. At those young people yesterday. At Francine. They all knew that he had robbed his aunt and almost married a young girl for her

money, and what did they say? They said: Poor Hubert."

"If you had to take sides," demanded Madame Jules, "on whose side would you be? On the Comtesse's or on Hubert's?"

"My sympathies would perhaps be with Hubert, but—"

"You need not go on. You want to say that the Comtesse is the injured one? Perhaps. But she is also the one we like even less than we like Hubert."

"That is a woman's argument. I think that Hubert is a worthless young man and I think that they had all much better leave him to himself instead of making up plots to rehabilitate him."

"Plots?"

"They were speaking to me about it at dinner last night—the girl from Jersey and the two Englishmen and also, you will be surprised to hear, Francine. They asked my advice, but I did not give it. They had strong sympathies but weak suggestions. They had much better leave Hubert to work things out for himself."

"Usually," said Madame Jules judiciously, "you are a very sensible man. Today—it is the champagne, I think—you are not so wise. If you did not encourage those young people to help Hubert, you were wrong, because they see something which you do not; namely, that Hubert is quite incapable of working things out for himself. If he had had advantages, if he had in all his life had somebody, anybody, any one person who had given him a word of good advice or had made an attempt to guide him, to train him, then he might have been equipped, as any other man, to make his own way."

"But think for yourself; put your mind back and try to re-

member. He came here when he was a child. His parents were dead. He lived in a great, gloomy chateau with an embittered woman who sent him to the cheapest schools she could find, where he had a gentleman's name and a serf's schooling. He—"

"Serfs didn't—"

"Please do not interrupt. Even you and I are a little bit guilty in this matter, because although we allowed him to visit us, we did nothing to help him. He has never been taught, never been helped in any way—and when he should have been getting a start in life, he was thrown out of his own home—because it is his own home. Certainly it is wicked to steal, and to be a fortune hunter—but how much more wicked of that woman to have put the means into his hands! If you discouraged those young people from helping him, you were very wicked."

"I said nothing."

"You can say nothing very discouragingly."

"I told you that their plans were weak."

"What plans did they have?"

HE answered slowly, "They arrived at the conclusion that if Hubert could prevent his aunt, in some way, from getting something she really wanted, she would respect him, or bargain with him, or forgive him, I don't know which."

"Something she wants? But all she wants in this world is furniture."

"Yes. So much they understood. They thought that he should go to the sale at La Rochelle and bid against her for the things she wanted there—and as I told them that she wanted the screen, they decided that that would be the thing. There was only one flaw in the

arrangement: he had no money to bid with."

"They meant that he should pretend to be buying the screen?"

"Yes. You can see—"

"Was he to pretend he was buying for himself, or for some body else?"

"What difference does that make, my dear? The Comtesse would not be taken in for a moment."

"That is true," Madame Jules frowned. "But you know, Emile, the idea was not such a bad one."

"To pit Hubert against his aunt?"

"Yes. If she imagined that he was serious, that he had discovered what she herself knew—that the screen was the second of the pair—then I think that she would be alarmed. I think that she would do anything, bid anything to get the screen for herself."

"That is all very well, but you are leaving out a very important point."

"No, I am not. You are going to say that he cannot bid because he has no money. That is true. He could not bid for himself. But he could bid for somebody else."

Monsieur d'Arnaud stared at her, and for once it was a look of non-comprehension. The maid came in to announce lunch, and he rose absently and gave his arm to Madame Jules. They had taken their places at the table and were unfolding their napkins before he gave up the problem with a shrug.

"I do not understand," he said. "For whom is he to bid?"

Madame Jules looked at him across the table and gave him an enchanting smile.

"For me, my poor tortoise-brain," she said. "For me."

To be concluded

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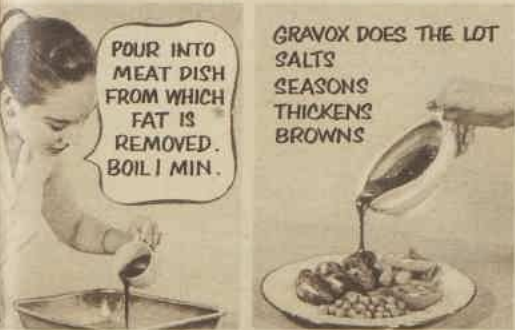
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Talking of Films

★ ★ Designing Woman

DESPITE its contrived story and a plot that limps, M.G.M.'s "Designing Woman," in wide-screen color, is always lively, often amusing and at times extremely witty.

"How is it you can't stand the sight of blood on anyone — except me?" Mike Hagen (Gregory Peck) asks wife Marilla (Lauren Bacall) in one of many scenes of domestic mayhem.

"Open your eyes and go to sleep," Mike says to Maxie Stulz (Mike Shaughnessy), a punch-drunk boxer to end all punch-drunks.

Mike Hagen is a sports writer who meets Marilla Brown during a wild celebration in California, though he's too drunk to remember it. During next morning's hang-over (even the Metrocolor sky is pink) he discovers she has not only helped him write his report of a major golf tournament, but has looked after the 700 dollars he has asked her to mind.

From that moment Marilla begins to eat a lot — always a sign she's in love. They marry and return to New York, where Mike discovers she's a topline dress designer — and she discovers the other woman, Lori Shannon (Dolores Gray), who has a face like a refined horse.

Between scenes that swing rapidly from a prize fight (where Marilla has hysterics) to a dress show, to a newspaper office, to smart flats, the Hagen marriage becomes more and more hilariously chaotic until the thugs appear to silence Mike for writing nasty things about their gangster boss.

The film ends in a brawl that so cleverly blends fisticuffs and ballet that even Dame Margot Fonteyn would approve.

The work of Peck and Bacall is always polished, and Jack Cole gives a brilliant character study as Randy Owen, the dancer who can fight with his feet, but Mike Shaughnessy, as punch-drunk Maxie, dominates the film whenever he appears.

He's so good you can almost see what little brain he has left slowly celebrating. In Sydney — St. James.

★ The King and Four Queens

CLARK GABLE has no fewer than four beautiful women vying for his attention in his latest film for United Artists, "The King and Four Queens."

The four women are Eleanor Parker, Jean Willes, Barbara Nichols, and Sara Shane. The latter three are all comparative newcomers to the screen. It goes without saying that Clark is the "King."

In this Western, Gable, as Dan Kehoe, arrives in a one-horse town in Utah in search of a cache of gold. It is known that a fortune has been hidden by a gang of bank robbers (the four McDade brothers), three of whom have been killed in their latest robbery. It is not known which one survived.

Finding the homestead of the McDades, Dan is greeted

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

by a burst of gunfire by the embittered mother of the brothers (Jo Van Fleet), who lives with her four daughters-in-law.

She instils in them that they are not really widows, as no one knows which of her sons has survived.

Undeterred by his greeting, Clark firmly ensconces himself at the homestead and woos each widow in turn. Each returns his attentions in the hope of escape from the domination of her mother-in-law.

Gable proves he is still one of the smoothest actors on the screen.

Jo Van Fleet, fine character-actress that she is, has little scope to extend her talents.

Of the others, Eleanor Parker makes the most of her role and is the most convincing.

In Sydney—Plaza.

★ Oh Men! Oh Women!

THE main prop in Fox's Handsome color CinemaScope comedy, "Oh Men! Oh Women!" is a psychoanalyst's couch.

Upholstered in a fetching shade of green and occupied by most of the leading characters at one time or another, this couch is the pivot of the film's humor throughout.

However, psychiatry played for laughs isn't all that funny after all.

The plot of "Oh Men! Oh Women!" has to do with a fashionable psychoanalyst (played by David Niven with some nice touches), who discovers some awkward details about his pretty fiancée (Barbara Rush) in the course of a professional session with one of her ardent followers (Tony Randall).

The resulting romp involves Ginger Rogers (another patient) and Dan Dailey (her bewildered husband) with Niven, Rush, and Randall in a variety of misadventures.

As the patient who talks too much, Tony Randall, the new comedian, is only mildly amusing.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

BRITISH veteran John Clements

is returning to the screen — to star as an admiral in "The Silent Enemy." The film centres on the disappearance of the famous British frogman "Buster" Crabbe, who vanished during the visit to Britain of Bulganin and Krushchev. Movie men will shoot it in Malta and Gibraltar.

★ RUMOR is running hot in

Rome that Lana Turner, who has arrived there in the company of a Brazilian millionaire, Jacinto Santos, has already secretly married him. Lana and Jacinto, pursued by cheeky Italian journalists, keep shaking their heads, denying it.



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CARNATION CUSTARD RECIPE

1 tablespoon custard powder or two small eggs; 1 cup Carnation Milk; 1 cup water; 1 tablespoon sugar; lemon or vanilla essence. Blend custard powder with a little Carnation Milk or beat eggs slightly. Add Carnation, water, sugar and essence. If using custard powder, cook over slow heat, stirring constantly until thick. If using eggs, cook over boiling water until mixture coats the spoon, but do not boil.

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WHITE SAUCE. Melt one tablespoon butter in a saucepan over medium heat. Blend in one tablespoon flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Cook one minute. Gradually add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Carnation mixed with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Cook two minutes.



QUICK CHEESE SAUCE. Heat $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Carnation in a saucepan over low heat until small bubbles appear around the edges of the pan. Blend in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated processed cheese, add salt and pepper to taste. Heat for about one minute stirring constantly.

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APPLES

Baked apples can grace the most elegant table when a little imagination and care are given to their preparation.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**,
Our Food and Cookery
Expert

PORCUPINE MERINGUES

(Shown below)

Four apples, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 oz. brown sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, almonds.

Core apples, split or prick skin slightly to prevent skin bursting during cooking. Pack into centres a mixture of sultanas and brown sugar. Place in shallow baking-dish, pour over syrup made by boiling 1 cup sugar and 1 cup water for 3 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Cool. Whip egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Spread over apples, spike with almonds, return to slow oven 30 minutes.



BLUSHING SNOWBALLS

(Shown above)

Four apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. marshmallows (chopped), rind and juice of 1 lemon, red food coloring.

Boil together sugar and water for three minutes to form a syrup. Core apples, lightly prick or split skin to prevent bursting, and fill centres with half the marshmallows. Pour over syrup and bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes or until tender. Combine lemon rind and juice with remaining marshmallows, mix with hot syrup and sufficient food coloring to color a bright pink. Spoon over apples and return to oven for five minutes before serving.



FRUITED BRANDY APPLES

(Shown above)

Four apples, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 teaspoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon brandy, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed spice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water.

Remove core from apples and cut apple almost through in six or eight sections. Combine honey, dates, and lemon juice in a saucepan and heat slowly until dates are softened, stir in brandy and spice and fill into apple centres, place in baking-dish, and pour over sugar syrup (made from boiling sugar and water for 3 minutes). Bake 50 to 60 minutes or until tender. Add a few drops of red coloring to the syrup if desired.

CRUNCHY APPLE-CUPS

(Shown at left)

Four apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice breakfast cereal, 1 oz. brown sugar, 1 oz. walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, sugar syrup.

Scoop half the pulp from apples, combine with rice breakfast cereal, walnuts, sugar, and cinnamon. Pile into apple-cups, pour over sugar syrup (as in above recipes). Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

MINTED APPLES

(Shown at right)

Four apples, 1 oz. brown sugar, 1 oz. butter, 1 packet lime jelly, peppermint essence, mint sprigs, cream.

Fill cored apples with sugar and butter. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool, surround with circles of peppermint-flavored jelly. Top with stiffly whipped fresh or mock cream and mint.



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Keen's Mustard is always in demand when appetites are sharpened by fresh air. It makes a delicious addition to every dish... but sandwiches are especially improved by the flavoury, savoury, accompaniment of Keen's Mustard. Serve it also with meat, fish or cheese dishes and use it in your mayonnaise... its subtle, spicy taste gives such extra enjoyment to eating that your menfolk will make it a 'must' for every meal, both indoors and out.

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THE BEST COOKS



FROSTED RING CAKE, decorative in appearance and fine in texture, makes a pleasing afternoon-tea treat. See the recipe for this prizewinning cake below.

A FROSTED CAKE WINS £5 PRIZE

Our cookery judges give prizes this week to an unusual cake and an inexpensive savory casserole dish.

THE combination of black currant jam, raisins, and walnuts gives the cake an unusual and delicious flavor.

Fruity lamb chops, a satisfying and appetising dish, wins a consolation prize of £1.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

FROSTED RING CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup black currant jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs, beat well after each addition. Stir in jam, nuts, and raisins, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill mixture into greased 8in. ring-tin and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Turn out on to cake-cooler. When quite cold, frost all over with Foam Frosting, decorate with chopped, glace cherries.

Foam Frosting: One and a half cups sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red currant jelly, 2 tablespoons water, 2 egg-whites, pinch salt, glace cherries.

Place sugar, red currant jelly, water, egg-whites, and salt into basin, beat constantly over saucepan of boiling water for 12 to 14 minutes or until icing will hold its shape.

Spread quickly over cake with a broad-bladed knife.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Foley, Wynnum Road, Murarrie, Qld.

FRUITY LAMB CHOPS

One and a half pounds lamb, chump, or neck chops, 2 or 3 tablespoons fat, 1 large onion, 1 cooking apple, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 tablespoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coarsely shredded carrot, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch ground ginger, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon finely chopped red or green pepper.

Melt fat in deep pan, add chops and saute until well browned on all sides, arrange in ovenware dish. Saute chopped onion, apple, sultanas, and lemon rind in remaining fat in pan, then remove from heat and combine with carrot, spread mixture over chops. Add flour to remaining fat in pan, adding a little extra if necessary to blend smoothly. Then add stock, stir over heat 3 or 4 minutes, season with salt, pepper, ginger, and brown sugar. Pour over chops, sprinkle with red pepper, cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until chops are tender. Serve with potatoes and green vegetables in season.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Light, 89 The Bulwark, Castlecrag, N.S.W.

FAMILY DISH

OXTAIL is a rich and nourishing meat which is not often used. Try this week's family dish, which costs 6/9d. and serves four or five.

OXTAIL PIQUANT

One medium-sized oxtail, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 onions, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 3 cloves, 4 peppercorns, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 large carrot, 1 cup baked beans in tomato sauce.

Wipe oxtail with damp cloth. Cut into joints, coat with seasoned flour. Brown in hot fat in heavy pan, turning to brown evenly. Add chopped onions, brown lightly. Drain off excess fat, add water, cloves, nutmeg, peppercorns, sliced carrot, and salt. Cover and simmer until meat starts to leave the bone, or pressure-cook 20 minutes. Stir in curry powder and baked beans. Reheat and serve piping hot.

NOW! Cook eggs exactly the way you like them... the same every time



BOILS
1-6 eggs
without
guessing

POACHES
1-3 eggs
without
watching

THE NEW
SENSATIONAL

Sunbeam
AUTOMATIC
EGG BOILER & POACHER

Whether you like your eggs very soft, medium or hard, the Sunbeam Egg Boiler and Poacher automatically cooks them exactly the way you like them... every time. No more guesswork, no more watching! Simply pour in the specified amount of water, switch on and when the eggs are cooked... (click!) the thermostat tells you "breakfast is ready!"

Yours for a lifetime of easy-to-get breakfasts

The faster you're rid of dangerous congestion the faster you'll be rid of your cold or 'flu. Bonnington's Irish Moss provides the fastest way to get rid of all that dangerous congestion. Keep up that steady



at home and at work.

3/6 everywhere.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - June 19, 1957



to jazz-up a junket
— or rice, for small fry



the cream of them all
is the cream you must buy

NESTLÉ'S

... here's why ...

It's the right way, the bright way, to top off dessert. Thick Nestlé's cream, so smooth and rich—the nicest thing that ever happened to a sweet. Try it and see! Ask for Nestlé's cream in the handy-size tin.



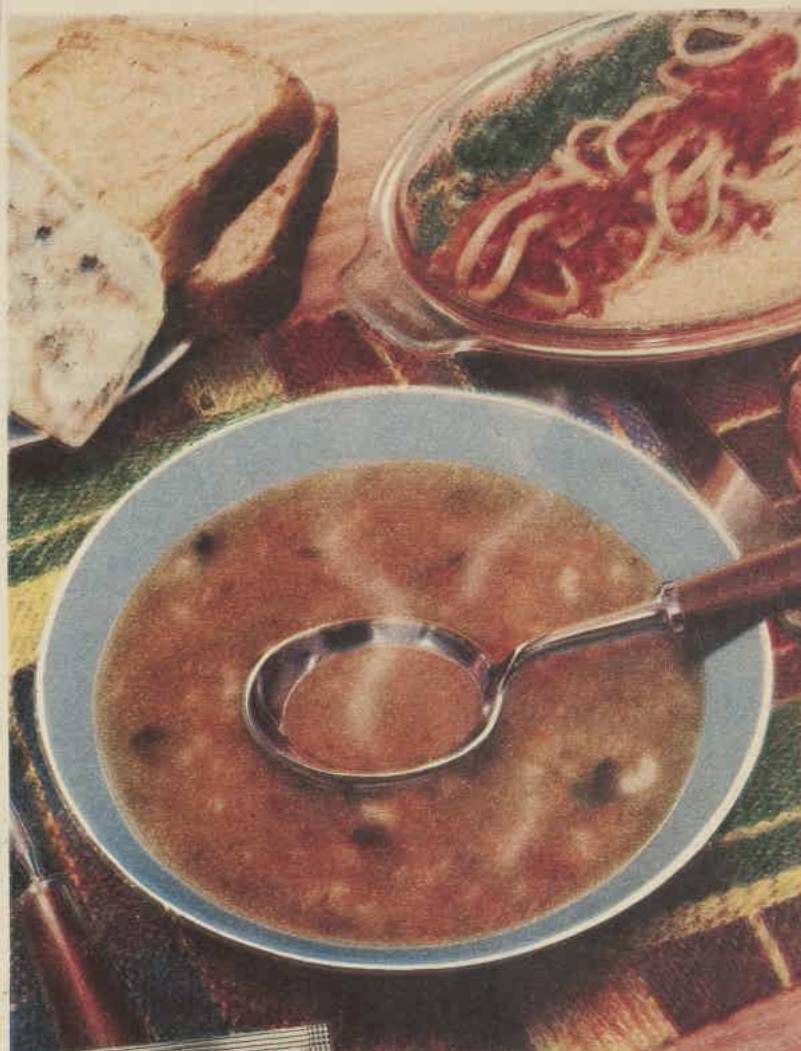
NESTLÉ'S PURE THICK CREAM

*in the right-sized serving

Minestrone

(pronounced—Min-ess-troan-ee)

the soup with the
true Italian flavour



MAGGI Minestrone

Who could believe, when you serve this real Italian Minestrone, that you got it ready in minutes! Look at the ingredients . . . there are red and white beans in it . . . there are lush ripe tomatoes . . . just the right amount of onion . . . perfectly cooked macaroni . . . rice . . . and many other palate-tempting vegetables.

For you there's no tedious preparation—no trouble at all. You just flip the contents of the Maggi packet into a saucepan, add water, simmer for a few minutes and . . . Mamma Mia! . . . that's real Minestrone.

NESTLÉ'S MAKE MAGGI SOUPS

Easiest, cheapest way to vary the whole week's menus is a tidy stack of Maggi Soups in the cupboard. Mushroom, Chicken Noodle, Creme of Chicken, Pea Soup with Ham—and many others, all delicious. Ready in minutes. 357-16

**THOUSANDS
CLAIM**

**DeWitt's Pills give
amazing relief from
Rheumatism, Backache and
Joint Pains when all other
treatments have failed.**

Countless thousands whose lives were plagued by backache, sciatica, lumbago and rheumatism have reported wonderful recovery after taking the world-famous DeWitt's Pills. You see, DeWitt's Pills are the one treatment that attacks the CAUSE of most muscular and joint pains — faulty kidneys. DeWitt's Pills act directly on tired, sluggish kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to normal, healthy action—and you have visual evidence of this within 24 hours of taking the first dose. Get DeWitt's Pills from your chemist or storekeeper today.

"Nothing better"
says C.L., Geelong, Vic.

"For years I suffered with terrible scalding pains in my kidneys and bladder and nothing gave me relief. I was given a sample bottle of your Kidney and Bladder Pills and after taking a few doses I got great relief. I continued with them until I was better. I know of nothing better and I strongly advise all sufferers to give them a trial."

The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.

Save 3/- on the economy size pack — 100 pills **7/-**
regular size—40 pills **4/-**



**DeWitt's
Pills**

For Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago
and all Rheumatic Pains.

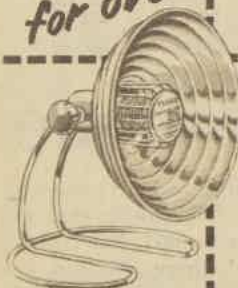
*Here's
Blessed
Relief
for over*

**40
common
PAINS**

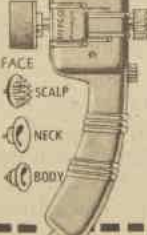
IS YOURS LISTED?

PIFCO INFRA-RED LAMP FOR rheumatism, fibrositis, sciatica, gout, lumbago, muscular pains, bronchitis, sinus, boils, chilblains, earache, varicose ulcers and 18 other pains.

PIFCO MASSAGER FOR headache, neuralgia, backache, stiff joints and muscles, rheumatism, tired nerves and 10 other ailments . . . and for general health and beauty care!



PIFCO INFRA-RED LAMP. Pleasant, soothing infra-red and radiant-heat rays penetrate deep into tissues to relieve pains. ONLY **£7/10/-**



PIFCO VIBRATORY MASSAGER. Promotes healthy blood circulation to relieve pain, aid beauty. Four fittings for facial, body, head and muscle massage. ONLY **£9/10/-**

ALL CHEMISTS & STORES
Write for illustrated literature:
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.,
121 Harris St., Pyrmont, N.S.W.

PIFCO

Clever conversion

● The conversion of a double garage to a bedroom wing has given a South Australian reader a better-planned home and greatly enhanced its value.

SHE is Mrs. D. Paschke, of Copeville, South Australia, who is living in a two-bedroom house with a large double garage which was formerly used for business.

Mrs. Paschke feels that this space could be put to good use by converting it into extra bedroom and living-room space, and has asked for advice.

The house at present is short of bedrooms and has a small living area and an isolated bathroom at the rear.

Demolishing the present wall between the living-room and the adjacent bedroom would open up an area of 26 feet by 15 feet to serve as a spacious living-room with a dining-area next to the kitchen.

The new bedroom wing planned in the former garage would be connected to the living-area by a passage through one end of the present main bedroom.

The present bathroom, located outside, could be converted into a convenient laundry and utility room. The

*Architect's Diary
by
Sydney Architect
W. J. McMURRAY*

new bathroom has been planned near the additional bedrooms in the old garage area.

This arrangement gives a greater degree of privacy and convenience. Space is also available for a separate internal toilet, which would require sewerage facilities or a septic tank.

A small entrance lobby, large linen storage, and two good-sized bedrooms could be arranged in the remainder of the double-garage area.

These alterations could be carried out with minimum structural alteration.

A concrete garage floor is seldom waterproofed, and care should be taken to ensure that it is not damp for use in a bedroom.

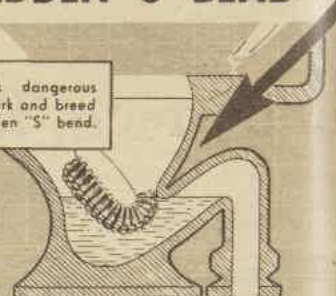
To provide a timber floor over damp concrete, it is advisable first to cover the area with bituminous felt sealed

with bituminous mastic. Three-inch-by-2-inch floor joists are then laid out at a spacing of 18 inches, and the whole is covered with floor boards.

It is also wise to allow for the circulation of air between the flooring and concrete by providing air vents in the external walls at the correct level. This prevents dry rot and any possible mustiness.

**No brush can clean
around this dangerous
HIDDEN "S" BEND**

HARPIC kills dangerous
germs which lurk and breed
round the hidden "S" bend.



**Keep your toilet clean and bright
with a little HARPIC every night**



HARPIC disinfects and
deodorises—as it cleans

NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden "S" bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.



HARPIC

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

**In the traditional style
—in the home for a LIFETIME**

In Swan-Cromalin plate or polished aluminium. Black plastic lid. Holds 6 cups. See these at your store.



SWAN BRAND

**Willow
TEAPOT**

BULPITT & SONS LTD., BIRMINGHAM 18, ENGLAND

Give baby a chance

By Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse

NATURAL breast-feeding can never be replaced by any other sort of feeding, but most young mothers need supervision and guidance in the early weeks to guard against overfeeding, underfeeding, and wrong technique.

Many needless early cases of weaning are due to ignorance. If the milk supply is not fully established at once, it is not given a chance to become established and the baby therefore, digestively upset, is weaned on the advice that

"the breast milk does not agree with him."

Many unfortunate early weanings could be prevented and upset babies made into happy, contented youngsters if mothers had a fuller knowledge of how to breast-feed successfully.

There is a special chapter on this in my parentcraft book, "You and Your Baby," obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 12/6, plus 9d. postage.

Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3749.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make slender-line skirt. Sizes 24½ to 30in. waist. Requires 1yd. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

Fashion Patterns and Needlework notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (Postal address Box 4059, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 48-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. 445 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4486.—Formal debutante dress, featuring taffeta and nylon net. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 36in. taffeta, 8½yds. 36in. nylon net, and ½yd. 36in. lining. Price 4/6.

F4570.—Smartly tailored dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



F4486

F3749

F4569

F4569.—Pedal-pusher overalls, designed for the 2- to 6-year-old group. Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires ½yd. 54in. material. Price 2/6.

F4571.—Three-piece lingerie set with a pretty lace trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 3in. lace, 2½yds. 2in. lace, and 6yds. ½in. lace. Price 5/-.

F3568.—American-styled blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 492.—PINAFORE DRESS
The pinafore is obtainable cut out ready to make in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes red, American beauty, mid-green, royal-blue, sage-blue, and black.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 59/6, 36 and 38in. bust 72/3. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

No. 493.—SHIRT BLOUSE
Tailored shirt blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised poplin. The color choice includes white, lipstick, mint-blue, red, and black.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 29/4, 36 and 38in. bust 32/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 494.—INFANT'S LAYETTE
Three-piece layette, including dress, petticoat, and nightgown, is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice include white flannelette and no-iron plisse in white, pale pink, blue, lemon, and pale green.
Size: Infant's. Frock in plisse 21/-, in flannelette 17/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Petticoat in plisse 16/3, in flannelette 8/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Nightgown in plisse 34/6, in flannelette 19/9. Postage and registration 1/3 extra. Complete set in plisse 58/9, in flannelette 42/11. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

No. 495.—LUNCHEON AND DUCHESSE SET
The sets are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include white and cream Irish linen and sheer linen in pastel shades of pink, blue, lemon, and green.
Size: Luncheon set, place mats 12in. x 15in., cup-and-saucer mats 8in. x 8in., serviettes to match 11in. x 11in. Duchesse set, centre mat 13in. x 15in., side mats 8in. x 8in. Eight-piece luncheon set, including 4 place mats and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 19/11. Postage and registration 2/3 extra. Twelve-piece luncheon set, including 6 place mats and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 23/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Serviettes 1/5 each, postage 4d. extra. Duchesse set, including 1 centre and 2 side mats, 8/11. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 496.—TENNIS DRESS
One-piece tennis dress obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforised white poplin and white pique.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 30/6, 36 and 38in. bust 34/6. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.



493

492

494

495

496

Everyone knows!

that washing alone cannot make white clothes a dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

... only

Reckitt's Blue

keeps white clothes truly white

No matter what you use or how you wash your clothes, washing is to get them clean. But clean is not enough for white things; they must sparkle with whiteness, and only Reckitt's Blue does that. WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds. Then into RECKITT'S BLUE. That's how you keep whites fresh and lovely, beautifully white.

...and for perfect starching

more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.



ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch—your perfect washday companions



Day-long freshness at a stroke of

Bac-STICK

new imported DEODORANT

Gentle to your skin. Won't stain clothes. As easy to use as your lipstick.

6/11

AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE



To bring out the
full flavour, there's a
size for every occasion

Holbrooks

"GOOD COMPANIONS"

Famous Holbrooks
**WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE**



PICNIC SIZE—for outdoors
SMALL—for the table
MEDIUM—for the kitchen
LARGE—for Hotels, Restaurants



HOLBROOKS
**SWEET MUSTARD
SAUCE**

sweet . . . not hot!



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
PRINCESS NARDA: Are investigating the mysterious beauty contest to choose the loveliest woman in the world. Narda has won her preliminary contests and is entered in the Earth finals. The judges have difficulty in deciding between Narda and two other

beauties, and wrangle all night over who should be the winner. The three girls are tense with excitement because the prizes offered are: First, anything the winner wants; second, eternal youth; and third, all the money that can be spent for life. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



I always
insist on
Tek



...TENNIS CHAMPION
Ken Rosewall
because

Tek

the best
toothbrush
they can buy!



...ll be
better protected by

BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES



WITH
Super-Stick
PRODUCTS OF
JOHNSON & JOHNSON

TEENA by
Lilla
Teng



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

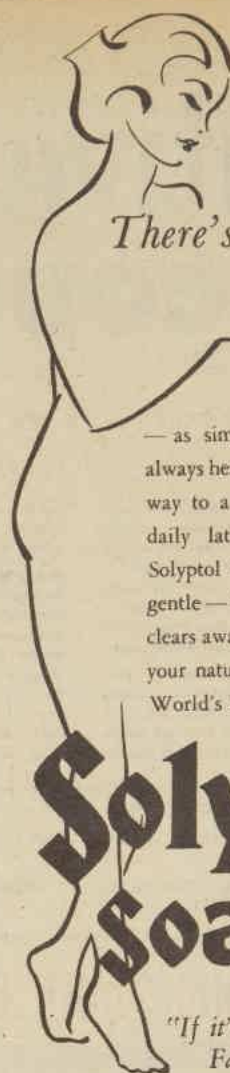
- ACROSS
- Commonplace nuts puts the lid on Utopia (13).
 - I nod to this God (4).
 - Set a time to size up (8).
 - Design putting the end where it belongs (6).
 - Loud cry where the end is the best part (6).
 - A useless and expensive possession, but valuable to a zoo (5, 8).
 - They ain't themselves, never (6).
 - He joins a riot and gets a fine (6).
 - Star item (Anagr. 8).
 - Walk slowly backwards for favorites (4).
 - Hazardous attempt of doubtful issue (4, 2, 3, 4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
- The feminine French noise spoken in the Engadine (5).
 - Tight stretched form of a verb (5).
 - Red at a footstep (5).
 - Appointments with fruits (5).
 - The governor of a territorial division of ancient Egypt and definitely not the month between February and April (7).
 - Means of travelling to the city or to the mountain (2-5).
 - Between a married woman's name and her maiden name (3).
 - Uriah was one (7).
 - Place from where a baby and cradle will come down (4, 3).
 - Poet and writer of whodunits (3).
 - Splendor which she starts (5).
 - Incubate (5).
 - Very swift in a drip (5).
 - An aquatic mammal found in a Hottentot territory (5).

Solution will be published next week.



There's a simple line
to loveliness

— as simple as keeping your skin always healthy. And there is no better way to a healthy skin than a twice daily lather with rich, medicated Solyptol Soap. Solyptol Soap is so gentle—it refreshes as it cleanses, clears away skin blemishes, brings out your natural beauty. Solyptol is the World's Best Medicated Toilet Soap.

Solyptol Soap



"If it's
Faulding's — it's pure"

ALLEN'S FAMOUS BUTTER MENTHOLS



The butter soothes the throat while the menthol clears the head. 8d. Everywhere.



NOW! 2 quick ways
to pleasant relief... from
coughs, colds, sore throats!



ALLEN'S

NEW CHERRY MENTHOLS

Enjoy the full flavour of cherry while the menthol relieves the cold. 8d. Everywhere.

Positive Relief from COUGHING!

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates instantly into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs quickly. The gentle expectorant action liquefies

and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. You've never known such soothing relief!

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes; you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 4/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/9.

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/9; 12 fl. oz., 9/11.

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/9; 12 fl. oz., 9/11.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

SOLD ONLY
BY CHEMISTS

Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion: does not sting; can be used as often as necessary. So easy to use. The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—get relief anywhere, anytime. 6/6. And now, for children—Nyal Pediatric Nasal Spray, 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats now. The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges bring you instant, soothing relief. The sedative, antiseptic, anaesthetic action checks infection... suppresses coughing... stops soreness—makes your throat feel right! Slip one—just one—NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief. 24 lozenges, 4/6; 50 lozenges, 6/9.



Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES

Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially medicated and have a soothing, healing action. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion. 2/9.

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier. 3 fl. oz., 4/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/9.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR



CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ Nyal Chilliain Paint. C-o-l-d-s and s-o-o-t-h-e-s the burning and itching of irritating chillblains instantly. 3/6.
- ☐ Nyal Creophos. A valuable "After-Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/9, 7/9, 9/6.
- ☐ Nyal Quinine Flu Mixture. Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.
- ☐ Nyal Figsen. A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/6, 3/9.
- ☐ Nyal White Lip Salve. Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.